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Meyer Weinberg

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The Tax Triumph *Lawrence T. King*

New Myths for Old *William V. Shannon*

Revisiting Brideshead *John Cogley*

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Are Parochial Schools Necessary?

AS A RULE, it is far easier to arouse resentment and fear by giving the wrong answers to old questions than by asking new questions. What makes the case of Mary Perkins Ryan unique is that she has managed, in the eyes of Catholic officialdom, to offend on all counts. Her first crime was to write a book entitled *Are Parochial Schools the Answer?* Didn't Mrs. Ryan know that the question was answered decades ago, and in fact answered so decisively that it has ceased to have relevance? Anyway, that was her question. Her answer was even worse: No (or at least, not necessarily).

Well, we think she asked the right question, even if we are not wholly convinced by her answer. For what Mrs. Ryan sees very clearly is that the situation of the Catholic in America is very different now from what it was during the nineteenth century. Since the parochial school system was developed during that century as a response to concrete needs, why should we assume that the same solution is equally good today? That, we take it, is the essence of her query. We see no reason whatsoever for faulting such an obviously pertinent question, especially since it is proving ever more difficult to support and maintain the schools today.

But if we did not have the parochial schools, how would we give our children an adequate religious education? Again, Mrs. Ryan is eminently reasonable. The real problem, she argues, is not the education of children, but rather the formation of the Christian person. Adults, we should recall, are as important as children.

In addition, if Catholics would understand the liturgy more accurately, they would realize that liturgical worship itself could be (and should be) the main source of Christian education. Such an education, together with expanded parish religious programs and better parental formation, would obviate the need for an expensive, narrow and in many ways unhealthy emphasis on the maintenance and construction of schools.

There are, of course, a number of issues to be sorted out here. In themselves, they are troublesome enough, but the initial difficulty is to penetrate the emotional resistance which Mrs. Ryan's alternatives (or any alternatives, for that matter) elicit in the main-stream Catholic consciousness. Perhaps the prime source of visceral rejection stems from the fact that the American Church has sunk so much time, effort and money into the schools. This is a fact which is part of the folklore of Catholics, a main ingredient in the saga of poor, struggling, but withal sacrificing, immigrants. Any suggestion that the whole venture has outlived its usefulness is bound to shock.

SO, TOO, those in the midst of pressing Congress and American public opinion to grant federal aid to religious schools will not warm to the idea that these schools may be outmoded. Their fear seems to be, on the one hand, that Catholics will lose the will to press for their rights; and, on the other, that non-Catholics will be less willing to recognize "the Catholic case" if Catholics themselves doubt the wisdom of parochial education.

Most importantly, however, there can be no doubt that possibly the majority of Catholics are firmly committed to the idea of parochial schools. It is a commitment so deep for many that even a poor parochial school education is better than none at all. For those so inclined, the only important purpose served by empirical studies of the reality of the schools is to enable the Church to make them better —not to answer the question whether they should even exist. Though the sources of this kind of dedication are many, no doubt the most important is the belief that an education which is not integrally related to religion is not, for the Christian, a genuine education.

Yet if all of these considerations do much to ex-

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plain the resistance to an open discussion of the viability of the schools, as well as the tone of injury which greeted the publication of Mrs. Ryan's book, they are still somewhat beside the point. That the schools have a long and honored history is no reason in itself to continue them. That some within the Church and some outside will be disedified by a frank discussion of the schools is no reason to avoid it. As for the necessity of integrating religious and secular education, that is a premise Mrs. Ryan takes for granted. Her proposal is only that this be done in a different way than has heretofore been customary in America.

In the end, myth and reality have to be distinguished. So far, the cultivation of myths has dominated most thinking on the parochial schools. Nor does the end seem in sight. One of the latest myths is that one purpose of the parochial school system is to promote educational diversity in America. As an accidental by-product, they do promote diversity; but that is not their aim or the reason they were established. Equally misleading are those arguments which stress the savings to American taxpayers; once again, the parochial schools were not established for that purpose. The myths, of course, are not all on one side. Those who have argued that a pluralism of schools leads to divisiveness fail to understand American democracy.

How then should Mrs. Ryan's proposals be approached? We think the central questions should be: will they succeed? Bishop Ernest J. Primeau observes in his Foreword to her book, "Catholic education has but one purpose—the formation of a people acceptable to God." Such an aim does not entail that any one way of formation is correct *a priori*. Instead, it is experience which ought to be the test, not preconceived theories.

It is at this point that we have reservations about Mrs. Ryan's suggestions. We are not convinced that the parochial schools cannot solve their problems; or that, with greater enlightenment, they could not do work vastly superior to what they are now doing. Nor do we see any special reason why the maintenance of parochial schools is incompatible with a rich liturgical life, or a parish life which centers on the church rather than the school. Finally, we wonder seriously whether children could be given a sufficiently rich understanding of the relationship of sacred and secular through a part-time religious education. In sum, we would like to see more evidence to justify Mrs. Ryan's confidence (and, for that matter, more evidence to support her opponents).

In the meantime, Mrs. Ryan has asked a supremely sensible question. At this moment in history the wise man is he who asks, not he who says the question does not exist any longer.

Brazilian Coup

IT IS STRAINING the sense of the term when American newspapers refer to the deposing of President Goulart as a "revolution." His ouster is rather a military coup. The leaders are moderates carrying on a modern Brazilian tradition of resorting to force and then returning to their barracks when there is an acceptable political set-up. In Rio the march of a million citizens, some photographed with upraised, clenched fists, acclaiming the change in the name of "liberty" and "democracy," indicated that the coup had a degree of popular support.

The move can be viewed simply as an effort by responsible patriots to arrest what appeared to them a sure descent into chaos and Communism. Inflation was clearly out of hand, a condition especially hard on the country's urban workers. Communists have won key posts in the Brazilian labor movement, and the Goulart government enjoyed the support of Communist groups, among others. His regime had become so anti-American in its orientation that economic aid from the United States virtually ceased last year.

Satisfaction in Washington over the deposing of Joao Goulart is therefore hardly surprising. Within twelve hours President Johnson sent the warmest good wishes to the interim President, Ranieri Mazzilli. The fact that a constitutionally-elected President had been forcibly ousted appeared to be of little moment in comparison with reducing the threat of Communism. Moreover, with a new and firmer hand, runaway inflation might be brought to a halt, especially with the expected resumption of American economic aid. Hope was even expressed for the long-awaited start in agrarian reform in a land where eight percent of the inhabitants own three-quarters of the cultivated land.

Yet the supplanting of an adversary, under whom the largest Latin American nation was visibly deteriorating, by a moderate regime which presumably will be friendly toward the United States has to be measured against other factors. There is no guarantee that Brazilian inflation will not continue. The fundamental question is what those generals and governors were actually accomplishing in this move to "protect the Constitution." Was it not primarily one more attempt by the possessing classes to shore up a basically unviable status quo? Social revolution is inevitable in Latin America. Popular resentment over the shameful extremes of poverty and wealth grows daily. The only question is whether the revolution takes place under democratic or Communist auspices. Viewed in this realistic context, the supplanting of President Goulart by moderate supporters of the present order could lead in the end to

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widespread violence. The anti-Communism of the new group is hardly adequate. What likelihood is there that these men will realize that any workable program for their country must include far-reaching social reforms?

Fulbright and Myths

SENATOR Fulbright's two speeches are based on the assumption—a correct one, we believe—that the nature of the cold war has changed profoundly. To be sure, he does speak of "the continuing and inconclusive struggle," but implicit in his argument is the thought that the great danger is past. If he does not quite reflect the attitude of De Gaulle—that the U.S. has won the cold war and doesn't know it—he certainly concurs with the late President Kennedy that "the corner has been turned." The Russian tide has been checked in Africa, the Middle East and Europe. In the last fifteen years, while the popular imagination has pictured a succession of triumphs for the Communists, only one significant gain—Cuba—has been notched by the East, while the shaky nationalism of much of the undeveloped world has failed to prove a way station on the road to Communism. The time is not one for self-congratulation, but for reappraisal of Western policies formed when Communism did, in fact, appear to be a monolithic tide sweeping from one success to another. In general, Senator Fulbright has served warning, as Walter Lippmann did so brilliantly for two generations, of the popular tendency to lag behind events, to impose yesterday's solutions on today's problems.

In 1914, the French were ready for the Franco-Prussian War; in 1940 they were ready for World War I. In the pre-Pearl Harbor days, Americans were too committed to peace to prepare for war; in 1945 we were too committed to war to prepare for peace, and the result was a disastrous unconditional-surrender policy, and, very nearly, the Morgenthau plan for obliterating the German economy. Now the tendency is to try to treat Khrushchev as we treated Hitler, though the bomb has made it impossible, or to view the pluralistic Communist world of 1964 as if it were the monolithic world of Stalin. Thus trading with Communist Poland is "giving aid and comfort to the enemy," and not a worthwhile attempt to loosen Moscow's ties to a people who are highly nationalistic and not overly fond of Russians.

Senator Fulbright's central thesis, we think, is unexceptionable: that the popular attitude toward the forces at work in the world is lagging badly, and that national interests, both inside and outside the Communist world, go further toward explaining those forces than ideology. The Senator did, however, seem to overstate his case: one need not be a hopeless victim of cold-war mythology to believe that Communism must still be taken seriously as a world conspiracy and ideology. What must be considered is that ideology and national interest are in constant interplay within the Communist world, and that far from controlling all national interest, ideology is often bent and molded to justify a need of the moment. It is not always clear how strong the hold of ideology really is, even in its more malleable forms; but especially in the past two years of lessened tensions, it appears as though national interests go further toward interpreting what is happening within Communism—and what we may help to happen if our diplomacy takes those interests into account.

Even more criticism has been heaped on Senator Fulbright for his statement that "it is not Communism as a doctrine, or Communism as it is practiced within the Soviet Union or within any other country, that threatens us." The first part we doubt. As an exportable doctrine, or source of subversion and constant threat of civil war, Communism does, after all, threaten the peace. The messianic call for violent overthrow cannot be dismissed altogether. Yet the rest of the Fulbright statement, we think, is sound. World peace is certainly possible without the eradication of Communism within the Soviet Union, that is, without a "holy war." All that is required is that the regime abandon the exportation of subversion and violence. We would hope for, and try to work for, maximum justice within the Soviet Union, but its national political structure is, after all, its own affair.

This thesis flies in the face of the "holy war" understanding of world politics. Part of the trouble is the view of America's role as one of imposing democracy on a benighted world. Russia has a totalitarian regime. It has, in fact, known no other kind in its recorded history. Berdyaev writes that totalitarianism, the search for wholeness, is rooted in the depths of Russian character. So is, he says, the notion of property as belonging to all the people, as well as a passion for social justice, even at the expense of individual liberties. If so, the obliteration of Communism within Russia, even if it were possible, would seem to entail the obliteration of much of the Russian character, rather than, as we would prefer, a reorientation of that character.

What is obnoxious to the Anglo-Saxon tradition may not be so obnoxious in the Russian tradition, and though the current Soviet regime is oppressive, unlike Nazism, Communism grew out of a movement for social justice, and bears within itself the seeds of its own liberalization. For this reason Communism within Russia should be looked upon as an

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experiment that deserves a chance to succeed. It is the attempt to export Communism by force and subversion that splits the world today, not the Communist experiment within the Soviet Union. Our goal is not to crush Communism, or to win a "total victory," whatever that might mean in a nuclear age, but to contain the Communist push and defend the right of national self-determination. This is miles away from the "holy war" mentality, and while the need for vigilance is still great, it puts a premium on the kind of diplomacy and the search for common ground that Senator Fulbright was getting at. The Senator's fear is that the cold-war mentality and the popular view of the struggle as one between good and evil is hardening into a mythical structure that will prevent the very steps that need to be taken in the interests of peace. The focus on national interests, we think, is one way to help dissolve what the Senator sees as the moralistic underpinning for the great myth of our day.

WASHINGTON REPORT

New Myths for Old

"IN THE EYES of his admirers (and they form a multitude in Washington) he is the closest thing to a public philosopher in Congress, a man who ranges beyond the day's petty contentions and tries to place the immediate within the context of the enduring."

These words are from Karl E. Meyer's introduction to "Fulbright of Arkansas," a collection of speeches by the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee published last year. I share Meyer's admiration for Fulbright's grace, reasonableness, and eminently civilized quality as a public man, while at the same time I deplore the results of Fulbright's thinking on most foreign policy issues. It speaks ill for the Senate that none of his colleagues disputed his ideas (in his now famous speech of March 25) with equal cogency and civility. The rebuttal has been almost entirely left to Senator George Smathers of Florida, Representative William Miller of New York, the chairman of the Republican National Committee, and others whose arguments are not equal to the seriousness of the issues. The failure of a really interesting dialogue to develop in the Senate served to strengthen the convictions of those who not only agree with Fulbright's ideas but also think that he should receive a medal for bravery because he articulated them.

Fulbright apparently sought this kind of misplaced admiration in view of the rhetorical framework in which he presented his opinions. Instead of merely analyzing the world situation, he pictured himself as a man willing to puncture "old myths," think "unthinkable things," and speak boldly about "new realities." Where others are hidebound, tied to the dead past, rigid, he proposed to be flexible, venturesome, creative. This was an effective rhetorical device for attracting attention to the speech, but as a result, subsequent discussion has been confused as to whether we are debating Fulbright's ideas or his courage in articulating them.

Thus, the N.Y. *Times* in an editorial (March 26) tells us: "Agreement or disagreement with the specific ideas put forward is not so important as this refreshing evidence of what we hope is a new flexibility in foreign affairs and a willingness—warmly endorsed by this newspaper—to get away from blindly accepted clichés. It is good to know that there are men like William Fulbright who are not afraid to say that Americans are clinging to old myths in the face of new realities."

I, too, am in favor of free speech, even in the United States Senate, and I am happy that William Fulbright is not afraid. But I see no merit in re-examining policies just for the sake of re-examining them or in describing policies as "old myths" because they are based on time-tested truths, disagreeable and tiresome as those truths may be. In short, unless freedom of speech is in considerably graver jeopardy in this country than I have realized, I think that Fulbright's "specific ideas" are the only issue.

Fulbright states that "the master myth of the cold war is that the Communist bloc is a monolith composed of governments which are not really governments at all but organized conspiracies divided among themselves, perhaps, in certain matters of tactics, but all equally resolute and implacable in their determination to destroy the free world."

In my view, this is not a "myth." This is a reasonably accurate description of reality. Communism is a conspiracy against mankind.

Fulbright argues that there is a great range of differences between China at one extreme and Poland and Yugoslavia at the other. The truth is that the satellite regimes of eastern Europe govern only by the grace of Soviet bayonets. If the people of these countries were sure that the Russian army would not intervene, they would sweep away the Gomulkas and the Ulbrichts and the Kadars overnight. The only partial exception is Yugoslavia where the Tito regime has achieved some popular backing by its own efforts. Therefore, there are not all these varieties of Communism which Fulbright depicts. There is essentially only the cleavage between Russia and China. Profoundly important as this is, it is largely a disagreement over how to defeat the West.

Fulbright contends that we have to distinguish between Communism as an ideology and the power and

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policy of the Soviet state. "It is not Communism as a doctrine or Communism as it is practiced within the Soviet Union or within any other country that threatens us," he declared.

This is a fashionable, facile bit of analysis. As far as I have ever been able to understand it, it has no significance whatever. Communism structures the thinking of the rulers of Russia and China. All of the power of these two nations is harnessed in the service of these evil doctrines. Very few human beings make a neat division between their "interests" and their "beliefs." The two are intertwined and function simultaneously. This frequently attempted maneuver of distinguishing between Russia's national interests and Communism's world interests is a futile enterprise.

"Insofar as a nation is content to practice its doctrines within its own frontiers, that nation, however repugnant its ideology, is one with which we have no proper quarrel," Fulbright said.

It may be that as a nation we would have no quarrel, but certainly as morally responsible individuals we would. The Union of South Africa is not trying to export apartheid but its actions are still a reproach to our sense of justice. Similarly, the freedom and welfare of individual Russians and Cubans are of concern to us. Or are we so terrified by the bomb that we have all become moral isolationists?

Speaking of Cuba, Fulbright said: "I think we are bound to conclude that Castro is a nuisance but not a grave threat to the U.S."

Then in the next sentence, he said: "Cuban Communism does pose a grave threat to other Latin-American countries, but this threat can be dealt with by prompt and vigorous use of the established procedures of the Inter-American System against any act of aggression."

It is self-contradictory to say that Castro is only a "nuisance" to us but a "grave threat" to our hemispheric neighbors. Our fate is interdependent with that of the other American nations. Moreover, Fulbright should know that many of the governments in this hemisphere are too weak and frightened to act effectively against Castro under the Inter-American System. If the U.S. does not block Castro's campaign of terror and subversion, the Organization of American States surely will not.

Turning to Asia, Fulbright invited us "to jar open our minds to certain realities about China, of which the foremost is that there are not really 'two Chinas' but only one, mainland China, and that it is ruled by Communists and likely to remain so for the indefinite future."

It is highly irresponsible for any American leader to suggest a softening of U.S. attitudes toward Communist China at a time when that nation is encouraging civil war in South Vietnam, threatening India, and trying to capture control of the Communist movements in Africa by flamboyant exploitation of the racial issue.

A speech such as Fulbright's, so morally defeatist, so flawed by a shallow and opportunistic kind of "realism," is profoundly disheartening. We are in a worldwide struggle between the forces of freedom and the forces of tyranny. It is up to us as Americans to bear heavy burdens in that struggle because the United States, alone among the free nations, has both the material strength and the national self-confidence to bear them. We have an obligation as trustees for all the rebels and refugees of the world—the tragic human symbols of this struggle. They are the brave ones who make the dash through the Berlin Wall, the nearly one million persons who journeyed from North Vietnam to South Vietnam to escape Ho Chi Minh's "liberation" in 1954, the Cubans who risk their lives each week escaping from Castro's "socialism," the Russian soldiers who did not want to go home in 1945, the North Koreans who resisted repatriation in 1953, the boys and men who died in the streets of Budapest in 1956. They are the real revolutionaries of our time. They know that freedom is the supreme issue, and that freedom is no myth. Let us not dishonor their faith and their sacrifices with elegant discourse about "realism" and "empiricism" and "peaceful coexistence."

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

(Mr. Shannon, author of The American Irish *[Macmillan], is The Commonweal's regular Washington correspondent.)*

HERE AND THERE

Revisiting Brideshead

Rome

I HAVE just finished re-reading *Brideshead Revisited,* almost twenty years since it first appeared and became *the* Catholic novel of its day. For the new Penguin edition I read, Mr. Waugh made some excisions and a few minor changes. In a preface he explains that the defects of the book are tied in with the privations of wartime. *Brideshead* was written in a season of soy beans and Basic English; consequently its soldier-author infused it with a kind of gluttony for food and wine and high living—and for rhetorical and ornamental language as well. Now, with a full stomach, Mr. Waugh finds its stylistic excesses distasteful; but he has left them largely unchanged because they are an essential part of the novel he now presents as a "souvenir of the Second War rather than of the twenties or of the thirties, with which it ostensibly deals."

For a reader who had fond memories of the book,

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one thing is clearer than ever after this second trip to *Brideshead:* Mr. Waugh, hungry or sated, can work wonders with the language. It was sheer delight to realize once again what a mastery he exercises over words. Here in Rome where an American has to get by on Basic Italian, perhaps I too have been undergoing a kind of verbal famine; at least I know I gluttonously devoured the language of *Brideshead* as a special treat, savoring even Lady Julia's overly rich outburst on mortal sin, which was so widely quoted at the time of the novel's first appearance.

But, as I put the book down, I realized that it had served as a souvenir for me, too—a souvenir not so much of World War II as of pre-Johannine Catholicism. I really had not until then appreciated just how much our understanding of the Church has developed since Mr. Waugh's famous *Brideshead* account of "the operations of divine grace on a group of diverse but closely connected characters" first appeared, in 1945.

About fifteen years ago the Catholic reviews and literary journals were full of earnest analyses of *Brideshead;* it was taken with the utmost theological seriousness. I would like to go back now and look at some of those articles, for the theology in the book is so unimaginative, catechetical, and formalistic that it seems a wonder that so much grist for even the little-magazine mills could have been found in it.

Mr. Waugh of course has never claimed to be a trail-blazing theologian and he can hardly be blamed if too much was made of his book by the Catholic *literati* of the English-speaking world. He may have merely been passing on the conventional theology of the day, or he may have been saying more than we gave him credit for. For it is interesting that the Church as it was understood by Waugh's Catholic characters struck their friends as an anachronism; the non-Catholics realized that Catholicism maintained a mysterious hold on those who had once accepted it, but they deemed it irrelevant in the larger world. Those who stayed with the Church or wandered back to it were usually forced to cut themselves off from their society in order to do so. But even the best-intentioned of the Catholics in the book made no attempt at what we now call "dialogue" with the thoughtless pagans, heterodox Christians, and muddled intellectuals around them. They believed it was useless, and even when they attempted their catechetical explanations of Catholic doctrine, the efforts were almost always doomed. As a result, the more serious among them gave themselves over to prayer and certified Good Works, frequently in uncultivated foreign climes where the intellectual challenge would be less hopeless. Those who were incapable of this kind of dedication frequently withdrew from the Church, with guilt feelings and the possibility of a death-bed reconciliation lurking in the back of their minds.

Catholicism as an idea, then, was besieged, beset by alien forces on all sides. Consequently the only solace of its adherents was in their sureness which verged on smugness; the official posture of Catholicism was an ill-disguised defensiveness that took the form of isolation.

The revolution that began during the pontificate of Pope John is away from this notion of the Catholic life. Pope John was outgoing, constantly on the lookout for the possibility of encounter and open to "dialogue" with the modern world—not only with the non-Catholic churches but with the social and political forces, the cultural and intellectual movements which have grown up since the Church ceased to lead the West. And Pope John's spirit, manifest in the Ecumenical Council, has been extended to the whole Church. The Church is now readying itself for the age of encounter.

Of course, abstract forces and movements do not meet without people. Without the minds and men behind them, these forces have no existence. The genuine confrontation of Catholicism with the modern world, then, is only achieved at a personal level—in the universities, laboratories, parliamentary bodies, labor unions, management associations, political parties, artistic enterprises, and interfaith associations where Catholics and others meet in the service of the common good. That is why laymen have a much broader role to play in the total work of the Church than ever before; laymen will do much of the "confronting" Pope John called for. And the layman will normally do so as an individual, on his own, as it were, without either the prompting of chaplains or the comfort of a disciplined "cell" of associates. It is clear now that the earlier "cellular" notion of the lay apostolate also belongs to the pre-Johannine past. The very vocabulary of the notion—what with "penetration," and "infiltration," etc.—is an embarrassment today. For if the Christian is to bear witness to his faith in the world, he must first become credible as a man of the world, sincerely and utterly devoted to its welfare, and do nothing that might lead him to be taken as an "agent" of the Church. "Cells" and every manner of fifth-column activity suggest not confrontation but conquest—and surely that is not what the Church in its present mood has in mind.

This notion of the Catholic as a man bearing the burdens of his time, sharing its guilt, equally responsible for its fate, taking pride in its accomplishments and working with others to achieve its worthy ends is quite new. Even the Catholic characters in Waugh's *Brideshead,* though it was written only twenty years ago, seem to feel no real sense of identity with their own generation. It is as if Catholic responsibility for the world ceased generations earlier and Catholics could not be held accountable for a world so alien to their heritage and one they had so little share in making. It was the very remoteness of this kind of Catholicity, its

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characteristic non-engagement, that struck me as being so anachronistic when I re-read the book. But then, so did Mr. Waugh's *National Review* article on the Council last year.

Perhaps it is still true to say, however, as I am tempted to, that few of even the best Conciliar thinkers have yet fully faced up to the enlarged role of the layman in the Church. There has been, to be sure, much talk about whether the laity should be consulted about the hour of Sunday Masses or have a say about the purchase of new real estate, etc. Such petty detail is hardly worth serious attention outside a parish hall. There is also a rash of interest in a larger role for the layman in formulating the needs of the Church and a new respect for the Christian significance of his vocation. All this is to the good. But I fear that even among the Council fathers, too many still believe that they can add a little chrome to the old model layman and expect him to perform his new duties. The most backward among them still think of the laity as troops sent forth with a "mandate" to do battle for the Church on fields where the clergy are either unwanted or unable to go, while some of the progressives still cling to the "penetration" concepts that may have been vanguard thirty years ago but are being hopelessly outmoded as the Church reconceives its task in the modern world.

SINCE I find both of these notions inadequate, I suppose it is incumbent upon me to say what I believe is necessary for the years ahead. That would take a book, but it is possible to set down some general propositions, some negative and some positive, and perhaps at least the outline of the book will begin to emerge from them.

1. The layman will best serve the Church by serving the needs of the world. He is not in the world merely in order to serve the Church as an ecclesiastical "agent." He is in the world because that is his proper place and he has a right and a joyous duty to serve its needs. In doing so, he will indirectly be serving the Church, for since the Redemption there is a sense in which service to the world *is* service to the Church. The layman who thinks he can serve the Church by defrauding the world will be true to neither.

2. To serve the world as a Christian, the layman must first be a Christian. Making him a Christian, in the fullest sense, is the work of the Church. Hence, the layman has to remain close to the Church and respect its authority—but not merely as a passive recipient, for he also has a duty to speak to the Church, as it were, to express his Christian needs, to point out what in the Church has become a matter of formalism and habit and consequently deadens more than it enlivens his spirit and to suggest new modes of apostolate.

3. In the Church the layman has an obligation to establish the relevance of Christianity to modern problems, on the one hand, and, on the other, the relevance of modern developments to Christianity. This will bring him into conversation with the theological enterprise which is ever going on within the Church. For example, the layman has an obligation to seek out the relationship between Christian morality and the population problem, or the nuclear war problem, or the changed role of women. By the same token, he has a responsibility to point up for the theologians the Christian significance of such secular-inspired developments as constitutional freedom of religion, contemporary philosophy and modern art, universal higher education, etc. (A theology which tries to fulfill its purpose without the benefit of the lay intelligence and the lay experience in the world is doomed to irrelevance, and the layman should care enough about theology not to let it happen.)

4. The layman has a duty to give witness to the Christian faith in his daily life, including that freedom of the spirit which is the highest gift of the Redemption. He has an obligation to make an independent Christian judgment on all matters which are left to his own judgment, and to act accordingly. In doing so, he will provide the "confrontation" of Christianity and secular culture which Pope John sought. (Such a confrontation will not normally be carried out by summit meetings between hierarchical or representative figures but in the daily lives of millions.)

5. The layman has no obligation to make Catholicism an independent cultural, political, or social force in the modern world which is clearly cut off from and distinct from all others. If the post-Christian world (which might more accurately be called the "post-Christendom" world) is to be Christianized, it will not be done by any dreams of restoring a latter-day Holy Roman Empire but by incarnating Christianity in the contemporary pluralistic movements and institutions which *are* the modern world. "Christendom" is an obsolete idea, based on a provincial notion of the Church. Until the last tear for it is shed, the ecumenical work of the contemporary Church will be inhibited.

6. Finally, the layman, doing his proper work, has every right to think of himself as a mature Christian, with full status in the Church and a claim on eternal salvation equal to that of the priest or religious. He has the duty, consequently, to demand respect from the clergy and to resist anything that smacks of paternalism, patronization, or a second-class ecclesiastical citizenship. And he has a right also to expect this awareness of his status to be reflected in the liturgy, in the tasks assigned to him in the Church, in the sermons preached to him, and in the cooperation asked of him by his spiritual authorities.

I believe that such a program would shock the Catholics in *Brideshead Revisited*, who simply did not think that way of the role of the layman, or the place of Catholicism in the modern world. It may still shock some who do not yet see the full implications of Pope

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John's quiet revolution. But even such a program, far-reaching as it may seem, will be meaningless, a matter of formulations, unless steps are taken to turn it into reality.

That means so many things—a new emphasis on theology in the education of laymen, for example; a deeper, fresher, more candid dialogue between clergy and laity; a more outspoken diocesan press; the elimination of feudal symbolism in certain ceremonials and modes of dress which suggest more than they signify; a deeper appreciation on the part of the laity of the importance of the priestly vocation and on the part of the clergy of the lay vocation; a more open attitude toward the modern world; more lively penitence for the Catholic failures of the past and deeper hope for the future.

JOHN COGLEY

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Meyer Weinberg

School Integration—Or Else

Ten years after the Supreme Court decision, only fifteen percent of Negro children are in non-segregated schools

ONE BASIC fact about the nation's public schools is that they will be integrated or will cease educating. Those who do not understand this must be confused and perplexed by the school-integration movement.

The case for school integration was best stated not by the Supreme Court in 1954 but by a convention of free Negroes and fugitive slaves a century earlier. Delegates warned newly-escaped slaves not to enroll their children in the inferior, legally-segregated Negro schools of the North: An education "is too costly, if it is acquired at the expense of such self-degradation." Self-respect required an integrated education. The act of accepting someone else's definition of what was "as good as" white education itself injured the dignity of man. Separate education not only led to inferior learning; it deprived the Negro child of incentives.

In the century since Emancipation, Negro children have continued to suffer the pounding of school segregation. Northern legal segregation was imported by the South after the Civil War, and perfected with the cooperation and acquiescence of the North. In both sections—where and when it was countenanced at all—Negro education was inferior and separate. By 1947 some 25 percent of Northern and Western Negro children attended integrated schools. Today, only about 15 percent of all the nation's Negro children—anywhere in the country—are in non-segregated schools. Thirty years ago Horace Mann Bond of Atlanta University wrote: "It would be difficult to find, North or South, a separate system more than a generation old in which the schools for Negroes are not inferior to those for white children." The statement can stand today.

Three pervasive myths about school segregation concern the Negro as an immigrant, the Negro as a poor man, and the so-called *de facto* character of Northern school segregation.

The first argues that the community problems of urban Negroes are essentially repetitions of the historic experience of all immigrants. The American Negro, states University of Chicago sociologist Philip M. Hauser, is "now undergoing . . . the process of acculturation analogous to that experienced by every one of our immigrant groups." Educational problems are expected to yield as the Negro negotiates the transition from "a folk to an urban society." This view combines a certain equanimity about the present with confidence in the future. Every other immigrant group having "made it," the likelihood is seen that the Negro will, too.

E. Franklin Frazier, the late Howard University sociologist, long ago rejected this view. The Negro was most unlike the Italians and Poles. The Negro, he wrote, "was regarded as an inferior human being and his poverty, ignorance and social disorganization as well as his folk culture were considered an inevitable consequence of his inferiority." No immigrant group ever contended with this handicap. If Hauser's analysis were correct, Negroes could be shown to be undergoing improvement in leaving the ghetto. In Chicago, at least, this has not happened. Professor Karl E. Taeuber of the University of California has shown that residential desegregation of

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1950-1960 failed to occur for Chicago Negroes while even for the most recent immigrant group—the Puerto Ricans—it did occur. Puerto Ricans are much more participants in a folk culture than are Negroes. Yet, social acceptance of urbanized Negroes lags seriously. The Frazier-Taeuber view sobers the imagination. It stresses the need for deliberate initiatives by school authorities.

The second myth concerns the relative importance of color and economics. Psychologist Bruno Bettelheim has argued recently that many problems of prejudice are more economic than "racial" in origin. Drawing heavily on his own white, Jewish, Viennese upbringing, Bettelheim states: "Having once experienced discrimination and persecution as bad as any Negro's, and this from persons whose skin was like mine, I feel that differences in color fail to explain problems which often are ascribed to them." Negroes are generally poor; as poor people, they suffer from economic discrimination by the better-off. Therefore, concludes Bettelheim, racial integration is an irrelevant demand. Implicit is the proposition that educational improvement can come only with basic economic change. Racial integration is conceived of as a kind of misguided ideology rather than a serious prognosis. The sum result, though certainly not the aim, of the view is to moderate one's sense of outrage at school and other forms of racial segregation.

But a central feature of American segregation is its racial, that is, color basis. It is not merely a colorless and more virulent form of Viennese anti-Semitism. Negro slavery is part of the heritage of segregation not because it happened a long time ago but more importantly because it poisoned our institutions, including the schools. Under Secretary of Labor John F. Henning recently testified that "the average professional or technical worker who is non-white and has completed college earns less than a white worker in the same occupation who has completed only the 8th grade." Economist Gary S. Becker found that occupational discrimination against Negroes increased as they raised their educational level. Taeuber has shown that less than one-seventh of Chicago's residential segregation is accounted for by low income of Negroes; the rest is due to straight-out racial prejudice. Bettelheim will wait in vain for racial prejudice to abate as Negroes rise in social status. (He remains vague about the exact shape of the economic factors.) The schools will have to stop cooperating with the system of social inferiorization.

De facto school segregation—the third myth—is said to be the simple reflex of discriminatory housing patterns. Historical evidence, however, is plentiful to document the conscious and deliberate cooperation of Northern school authorities in the highly successful effort to segregate children without benefit of legal ceremony. School boards supply the "best" neighborhoods with the best schools; the "worst" neighborhoods get what's left over. (Does anybody know of an exception?) The *de facto* argument is valued by school boards for its usefulness in cases charging segregation. But even the neat distinction between *de facto* and *de jure* segregation is suspect. School boards are creatures of the state and are invested with governmental power, often including taxation. Their rules have the force of law. When a school board rule enforces a racially gerrymandered district, it is *de jure* segregation. What difference if the state has no general segregative legislation?

WHETHER OR NOT education can be separate and equal continues to be a persistent issue. Surprisingly, liberal people have generally accepted the possibility. During the 1930's, the greatest fight was for equal expenditures. A pre-eminently New Deal conference on Negro education in 1939 tended to equate identical expenditures with equal opportunities. Vast researches were devoted to measuring the exact disparities between white and Negro education. Because the disparities were so great, no immediate chance existed to bring about parity. Today, the argument of separate and equal has gained in attractiveness in part because in the North and West the disparity is not so great as it was in the South twenty-five years before. It must be emphasized that Northern white (and many Negro) liberals were raised on slogans of equal expenditures for separate schools.

The historical record is unequivocal: Separate has always meant inferior. Separate and equal could only work in a society in which nothing but the schools were segregated. But, of course, in such a society the schools would not be segregated. This point is at the heart of the argument about the neighborhood school. The neighborhood school "principle" emerged during the second and third decades of this century as a device to enforce racial and ethnic segregation in northern cities. If children did not suffer for their color later in life, and if universal standards of academic achievement were enforced, separate schools would be unexceptionable. Integration is thus necessary for practical, if for no other, reasons. When color itself ceases to symbolize an inferior social status, it will no longer be necessary to insist upon school integration. The society will *be* integrated.

School segregation wears many masks. The most grotesque of them is "ability grouping," a special caricature upon equality of opportunity. It represents the extension of separate-but-equal into single classrooms. Children are fitted into "their" track—itself a deeply patronizing gesture—and taught or trained to keep in their "place." Two arguments—intellectual and cultural—are offered in support of the system. The first—learning is said to proceed most efficiently among children of like intelligence or ability levels; these levels are ascertained by standardized tests. The second—that lower-class Negro children are unable to partake of school routines that were established for middle-class whites; and that clashing cultures prevent any classless school procedures.

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"Simply mixing Negro children from the slums with middle-class white children doesn't work in the schools of our Northern cities," wrote Inge Lederer Gibel in a recent *Harper's* article. Of course not. "Simply mixing" any children is preposterous. Compare the experience at R. J. Bailey school in Hartsdale, New York. There, 4th, 5th, and 6th grade students are distributed among seventeen separate classrooms. During the past academic year, every one of the classrooms achieved no less than the norm in reading improvement; sixteen achieved over the norm. Now, the instructive fact is this: in every classroom are found children with an I.Q. range of about 75 to 145; reading scores of these same children range from three years behind to four years ahead of norm. School authorities deliberately program each classroom to contain Negro and white students of both high and low ability. All children have gained. The bright ones continue to learn in accordance with their ability; the slower children go at their own pace but achieve, almost without exception, at the normal level.

Aaron Lipton, principal of Bailey, writes that "obtaining and retaining excellent teachers is much more the problem than the question of grouping. The staff . . . is becoming more and more that kind of excellent group of teachers who manifest dedication to the principles of meeting individual needs within an integrated setting." The track system and integration are incompatible, Lipton is convinced. Bailey's integration plan is directed at improving the educational performance of all children. Once having made the school a truly common school—where all may learn together—teachers are actually encouraged to teach. (City school teachers will take note!)

WHAT HAPPENS in integrated schools? Few analytical reports exist. Robert Coles, J. Kenneth Morland, and Warren C. Haggstrom have written on the subject. The Hartsdale experience is important. Significant results have been reported recently from Oakland and Berkeley, California. All in all, the reports are encouraging to integrationists. A series of systematic and broad studies of school integration in action would be of very great value at this juncture. These should go far beyond a "how-to" stage, however. A special challenge is to devise ways of gauging the effects of integration on the social climate of schools.

Of course, *de facto* integration is another matter. This is the condition in communities which are changing from white to Negro. Usually only temporarily bi-racial, the schools are allowed by authorities to run down. When most city people think of school integration it is such situations that come to mind. As a result, integration is associated with everything that is destructive, and is regarded as an educational calamity with a special affinity for areas on the fringe of the Negro ghetto. Mrs. Ellen Lurie, member of a local school board in New York City, describes the process: "The schools become more and more overcrowded as minority families with young children move in; middle-class families soon become anxious about the 'lowered standards' and put their children into parochial or private schools—or move. These fringe areas won't remain fringes much longer unless we face up to them and their needs quite honestly. . . . The quality of education offered is an essential ingredient if integration is to work."

How has the educational profession responded to the challenge of integration? Badly, in the main, or not at all. Funds and foundations which are large donors to educational projects and research virtually ignore integration. Significant grants have been made to action-research projects such as Mobilization for Youth and Harlem Youth Opportunities Unlimited; studies of psychological aspects of learning by culturally deprived children are well-financed. None of this, however, is directed at the segregation that guarantees inferior education. Foundation money has been called—by foundations—"venture-capital in ideas." Integrated education apparently is still beyond the horizon of venturesomeness.

No national educational organization has identified itself with the integration movement. The National Education Association has useful informational programs on drop-outs and on educational aspects of automation; its journal carries stories on educating culturally-deprived children (where they are); but it has never seriously examined the relation of integration to education. The NEA-related groups specializing in teacher education and school administration have utterly failed to acknowledge the relevance of integration.

School boards and their superintendents in the North and West have uniformly rejected integration as their responsibility. The important exceptions were created by federal court orders—as in New Rochelle, New York and Philadelphia. Resistance to integration ranges from stolid in cities like Milwaukee to rabid in places like Boston. Even areas long thought to be stalwart exceptions to the national rule of racial discrimination turn out to be only foam-rubber bastions. Sociologist Wilson Record, in speaking of the emergence of patterns of racial discrimination in the Bay Area, writes bitterly: "Citizens of Oakland and San Leandro, San Francisco and San Rafael,

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Richmond and North Richmond, need no longer feel that they are being outdone by New York, Cleveland, Detroit, or Chicago."

But especially Chicago. That city's segregation seems almost too bad to be true. Not a single professional teachers' or administrators' group worked for integration. A teachers' union which enrolled a clear majority of the city's teachers never issued more than reluctant public statements in oblique criticism of the school system's segregation. The NEA affiliate did not even do this. The school board and the mayor refused to acknowledge the existence of segregation which the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights documented in detail. It took the threat of a federal court order to get the school board to initiate an inquiry—"Do segregated schools harm Negro children psychologically?"—which the Supreme Court had answered affirmatively nine years earlier.

THE FIGHT against school segregation has moved the Negro people more than any other issue. It is a very American reaction, in one sense. We have always sworn by education as a means of improving one's position in life. More important is the growing resolve for equal opportunity as a civil right. Potentially, this movement could revitalize American education. Consider, for example, the Negro parents who have picketed in more than one Northern city to demand that their children *not* be promoted until they achieve up to norm. Or, consider the increasingly large turnout of Negro parents—many of them from the working class—at school functions. (After the great Chicago school boycott of October 22, 1963, in which a quarter of a million students were kept home in protest against school segregation, Negro parents' attendance in P.T.A. meetings and school open houses rose sharply. Levels are still up, several months after the event.) The public schools may yet be forced to educate all the children of all the people.

Parent-organization is expanding beyond the genteel limits of PTA's. There are the Parents' Workshop for Equality in New York City Schools; in St. Louis, Parents for Integrated Schools; in Chicago, Parents Council for Integrated Schools. City-wide committees have been formed around school integration: In Cleveland, the United Freedom Movement Education Commission; in Philadelphia, the Co-ordinating Council on School Integration; in Milwaukee, the Milwaukee Citizens for the Desegregation of Public Schools. An immediate consequence of such organizations is to expand importantly the circle of strong supporters of public education, including referenda for school building bond issues. Clearly, the strength of this civic awakening is available for quality integrated education only. The magnitude of this strength can be guessed from the fact that in cities like New York and Chicago, Negro children now constitute about half the total public-school enrollment.

Negro ferment has invigorated still other ethnic groups to take a more forward position on equality of educational opportunity. In California, the new vigor evident in Mexican-American organizations can be attributed largely to the stimulus of Negro protest. In January, 1964, leaders of the 650,000 Puerto Ricans in New York announced the formation of a central clearinghouse organization to co-ordinate Puerto Rican efforts in school and other civil rights matters.

As concrete gains continue to be small, and as the mass base of the school integration movement grows, a question will arise again and again: What are the proper ways to use the new mass base? Direct action is the first thought. Peculiarly, direct action has hardly been tapped. We have had plenty of direct action; but it has been by small groups. Large-scale direct action is almost untried.

Very soon the country will witness such an effort. If present plans materialize, a co-ordinated one-day school boycott will be conducted at the same time in a number of cities. As a demonstration of solidarity it will be invaluable. Its potentialities for morale-building in the integration movement are enormous. Substantively, it will dramatize the national character of the school segregation problem and point to the national pressures that alone are adequate to a solution. It can help undo the mischievous notion that education is only a local concern. Also, coordinated national action may well become a new and effective technique on behalf of jobs and housing opportunities.

Schools are for learning, but segregation teaches only deadly lessons. On the other hand, as John H. Niemeyer, president of the Bank Street College of Education, has written: "We shall integrate our schools when we rid ourselves of segregation, learn to a reasonable degree to teach all children so that they can achieve up to their true capacity, and develop a school life which provides a positive social model for all children." Here is the real business of integration. Integrationists sometimes forget this and seem willing to settle for improved ratios of Negro to white in a school. But you cannot abolish segregation with a slide rule. It will take a new dedication to the democratic idea of universal education. The integration movement is the most recent guardian of this idea.

Dedicatory

Wake, within this sleep, you, my poems,
Dreamers long and long. Answer,
White gills of heliotrope, loam's
Hard questions. Dust bears the flower.

Give of my bones (no sacrifice,
But gifts), of anger, sleep, release,
And breath shorn with wonder—office
Of time's sport, who yet in death may please.

CLAYTON LONG

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A Chance for Shared Time

SHARED TIME is back in the news. At the annual conference of the American Association of School Administrators two major sessions were devoted to the subject; experiments in shared time are increasing in number, it was reported, with one hundred and fifty communities presently participating and more joining each year. No instance was reported where shared time was tried and discarded as a failure.

In Washington, a House education subcommittee continued to gather testimony on a proposal to spend $15 million in three years for shared-time projects in science, mathematics and foreign languages. According to Monsignor Frederick G. Hochwalt, passage of such legislation would not lead to a revision of N.C.W.C.'s stand that Church-related schools should be included in any general Federal aid program; spokesmen for the predominently Catholic Citizens for Educational Freedom called shared time unworkable and opposed it as based on the notion that "massive Federal aid" should go to the public schools only.

Finally, a lively debate about a specific shared-time plan has been going on in Chicago. Under the proposal, students at the now-building St. Paul's high school would take religion, English, social studies, music and counseling under religious auspices; they would take science, mathematics, laboratory courses, industrial arts and physical education at the public high school. The experiment is supported by twelve hundred parents in the school district concerned, by Catholic groups and by Monsignor William E. McManus, superintendant of schools for the Archdiocese of Chicago; Protestant groups insist more study is needed before a decision, and Jewish groups are strongly opposed to the shared-time project.

The objections were varied. According to the Davenport *Catholic Messenger*, the delegate for the National Council of Jewish Women asked the Board of Education: "Will you be willing to negotiate with the Lutherans, the Orthodox Jews, the Buddhists, the Episcopalians, the Muslims and any others as to the individual programs to be arranged to suit their religious tenets or financial problems?" This question, I suspect, tends to exaggerate the number of religious groups who would want to run educational establishments, but nonetheless I think the answer would have to be "yes." Indeed, this is precisely the strength of the shared-time idea: that it retains a certain basic unity while at the same time really making possible the practice of religious or cultural pluralism.

Another opponent charged that shared time would aid the private school and hence must be ruled out. Here it must be granted, I think, that shared time *would* aid the private school, at least in one sense. If I read the law correctly, though, the Supreme Court has always held that incidental side-benefits to private parties or religion do not invalidate any law as long as a public purpose is sought and served; obviously the education of children in science, mathematics and the like involves a public purpose.

Finally, there is the ironic fact that some Catholics oppose shared time because they fear it will imperil Federal aid to parochial schools at the same time that some Jewish and Protestant groups fight it as a Catholic raid on the treasury. Such Catholics are irrevocably and completely committed to the parochial school, exactly as it stands; such Protestants and Jews want only to keep the public schools exactly as they are now. Neither group examines the shared-time idea on its own merits; both tend to look on shared time almost entirely in terms of its effect on the Federal aid debate.

For my part, though, this is exactly the opposite of the way I see the issue. I would like to consider shared-time proposals completely outside of the Federal aid controversy, and I hope the argument will not become a sectarian issue with Catholics lined up against a solid front of Protestants and Jews. Protestant and Jewish opponents of shared time see it as aiding Catholic schools. Maybe so, but more importantly, shared time would make it possible for millions of American children who now receive almost no religious education to get one. This question of religious ignorance is not a problem just for Catholics—indeed, although they may not yet recognize the fact, I suspect it is more of a Protestant and Jewish problem, since at least half the Catholic children are already in parochial schools.

Shared time recognizes religious diversity while playing down unnecessary divisiveness. It allows the neutral school to concentrate on academic excellence in most subjects, while allowing the religious school to provide the added dimensions of religious insight. Shared time would get many Catholic children back into the public school; it should therefore end the complaint that Catholic parents are not interested in the public school. Most of all, though, shared time represents an imaginative effort to break through the stereotyped arguments about public vs. parochial schools. It represents a serious attempt to cope with the increasingly obvious problem of religious illiteracy, and it seems to me this should recommend it to all who have any concern at all with the relationship between religion and education. In short, I think its critics should not write shared time off before it has had a real chance.

JAMES O'GARA

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LAWRENCE T. KING

The Tax Triumph

The predicted economic letdown shows no signs of materializing

AS APRIL 15 approaches, the completed tax forms for 1963 will give many of us a fairly clear idea of how much we can expect to save in 1964 through the new tax cut. Reaction will differ according to the outlook and tax bracket of the individual. A conservative-minded business columnist has called it a "phony tax cut" based on a "shortsighted soak-the-rich and penalize-the-productive philosophy," while a liberal-oriented Washington correspondent has termed the same measure a "rich man's tax bill" and a "payoff to big business."

The Internal Revenue Act of 1964, as it finally emerged from Congress, reduces income taxes by $11.5 billion with some $9 billion going to individuals and the rest to corporations. Of the over-all individual cuts, the 15 per cent in the top brackets will benefit most, sharing in 40 per cent of the reductions, while the 85 per cent in the low and middle-income brackets spread the other 60 per cent among themselves.

Over a two-year period, the tax rate for the top income bracket will be reduced from 91 per cent to 70 per cent, the lowest bracket from 20 to 14 per cent. Under the new rates, more than a million and a half low-income families will no longer be required to pay any income taxes at all, and families with incomes of $3,000 a year will have their taxes cut by 60 per cent.

From this brief rundown, it is evident that the legislation will benefit the widest possible number—some 90 million will show a direct financial gain, it is estimated—but even the most partisan Administration supporter must concede that the greatest windfalls will accrue to those in the highest income brackets.

How then can any rational critic apply a phrase like "soak the rich" to such a tax bill? A more thorough examination of the viewpoints of these critics reveals some interesting facts. For one thing, they are not really interested in the pros and cons of the legislation—they are merely using it as an excuse to vent their spleen at a bill which accepts the principle of the graduated income tax. For another, they are not as monolithic as they might sound. Some will not be happy until Congress abolishes income taxes altogether; others will settle for a new law that will subject the million-dollar-a-year man and the $5,000-a-year man to the same tax rate. Since both possibilities appear highly unlikely of fulfillment, it looks like we are going to have to put up with the rantings of their proponents for some time to come.

If these champions of "the good old days" could tear themselves away from *Human Events* or the *National Review* long enough to take a look at some Internal Revenue Service statistics, they would find that despite the steep progressions in tax rates as income increases, it is the taxpayer in the lowest rate bracket who contributes most—and pays the highest proportion of his earnings—to the support of the federal government, accounting for 87 per cent of the government's total income tax revenue. And if they delved into the subject a little deeper, they could uncover such interesting bits of information as:

In 1961, seventeen persons listed incomes of more than a million dollars but escaped payment of a single dollar in taxes by taking advantage of existing loopholes. There was even one fortunate fellow who reported an income of $20 million without paying any tax at all—and it was entirely legal.

An automobile heiress inherited $56 million, put it all in tax-exempt bonds and lived on the income of $1.5 million a year without having to mention it on her tax returns.

In 1960, the tax payments of all those who earned more than $5 million averaged 24.6 per cent although the scheduled rate of payment then was 90.7 per cent, the $1 million men averaged 26 per cent in tax payments, and the $50,000 men averaged 28.5 per cent.

If there is any discrimination being practiced, these examples should suffice to show that it is against those who earn their living solely from wages or salaries. They cannot take advantage of tax-exempt bonds, revel in special oil and mineral depletion allowances, manipulate capital gains or contribute handsome "gifts" to their favorite charities. Only the wealthy can play this game on a scale big enough to make it pay.

The original Kennedy legislation, it must be remembered, was a well-balanced piece of work that called for reduction of corporate and individual income taxes by $13.6 billion and the recovery of $4.9 billion in tax revenue through enactment of an unprecedented series of reforms that would have closed loopholes and removed inequities. By the time the legislation got through Congress, however, most of the loopholes were kept wide open and reforms were enacted offsetting the tax reduc-

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tion by only $800 million. The measure sent to President Johnson, then, was essentially a tax-cut bill rather than a tax-reform bill.

Walter Heller, the Administration's chief economic adviser and architect of the legislation, sees nothing radically wrong with this if it succeeds in its intended objective of stimulating and raising the general level of the nation's economy.

MUST the Internal Revenue Act of 1964, shorn as it is of its reform provisions, be rejected out of hand as a bad law simply because those in the upper-income strata gain far more from it than ordinary wage earners?

To do so would be to overlook the law's *raison d'ètre.* Although the Kennedy Administration recognized the vital need for tax reform, it was not the motivation for the legislation. At the time, Kennedy was preoccupied with stimulating a sluggish economy, doing something about an unemployment rate that stubbornly remained above five per cent of the labor force for six straight years, in utilizing the 15 per cent of the nation's factory capacity that was then idle.

Among the antidotes considered by Kennedy were a massive tax cut, a gigantic program of public spending, or a combination of both. He decided to go with the tax cut not because he rejected the efficacy of the other two approaches but because he was convinced that the tax cut stood the best chance of winning congressional approval.

The fact that the tax reforms were incorporated into the proposed legislation was just another example of Kennedy's pragmatic approach to a problem. He felt that as long as he was going to propose an unprecedented reduction in income taxes, this would be the logical time to close loopholes and remove some of the more glaring inequities from the existing tax laws. Congress felt differently. The important thing, however, is the reform part of the tax-cut legislative package was somewhat of an afterthought and was not really considered vital to achieving the goals projected for the legislation.

In examining the state of the nation's economy, the President's advisers were unanimous in their belief that existing federal income tax rates—enacted as they were during wartime to help finance the war effort and to serve as a brake on inflation—were now acting as an economic depressant. By cutting taxes drastically, they were confident that every dollar of tax money released to consumers would produce a "multiplier" effect and generate two or three dollars more in business activity. This increased consumer demand would accelerate business investment—expansion of operations, purchase of new machinery, higher production rates, etc.—with the eventual goal of effecting a substantial reduction in unemployment. The higher level of economic activity, of course, would be reflected in greater tax collections, a federal budget in closer balance, and the prevention of those periodic recessions which seem to have been accepted by previous administrations as a natural part of the economic cycle.

Only time will tell whether the tax cut will succeed in realizing these objectives. One thing, however, is already certain: the predicted economic letdown that was supposed to occur sometime in 1963 or 1964 shows no sign of materializing. In fact, the stimulation from the tax cut provides the assurance of continued business expansion that President Johnson needs to enter the Presidential campaign with a record of a recession-free Administration. Continuation of the upswing to April, 1965—which now seems likely—would give the United States the longest period of peacetime business expansion in its history, bettering the 50-month record set from 1933 to 1937.

IN THIS respect, Kennedy's attempt to educate the American people to economic realities may yet bear fruit. When he first proposed the tax cut—and a deliberately unbalanced budget as a result—he was accused by many of his critics of embracing deficit financing as an economic cure-all, of mortgaging the future to solve the problems of the present. Nothing could be further from the truth. What Kennedy was trying to prove was that the huge deficits of recent years were the result of recession and idle industrial capacity.

From 1947 through 1957, for example, the federal budget's revenues exceeded outgo by $20 billion and showed a surplus seven years out of eleven. During those postwar years, demand for consumer goods was strong—filling the backlog of needs built up during the war—and unemployment averaged only four per cent. In five of the six years since 1957, however, the budget deficits jumped $26 billion. It was a period characterized by weak consumer demand, a six per cent unemployment rate and lagging industrial production. The record $12.5 billion deficit in fiscal 1959 was the result of the 1958 recession, an economic debacle that should have taught the economic fundamentalists—but apparently did not—the futility of putting unlimited trust in the mythology of balanced budgets and reduced federal spending.

The point that Kennedy sought to hammer home was that in a free society it is demand that is the all-important ingredient in an expanding economy. When it is strong, the economy soars; when it is weak, the economy stagnates. And government can stimulate demand by bold use of economic policies—budget-making, interest rates, credit supply and taxation—or it can do nothing and wait hopelessly for the inevitable recession that always follows a constriction in the economy.

In the situation that confronted him, Kennedy was convinced that tax reduction on a massive scale was the necessary lever that would generate demand—and he did not hesitate to push it. It will take two years to tell definitely whether he was right. This can be done only by comparing the economic indices for 1964 and 1965, the

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first full years of the new tax rates, against the figures for 1963. The present consensus is that the national economy will soar to new heights with a substantial reduction in the unemployment rate.

In the depressed areas, however, little improvement can be expected for the simple reason that an income tax cut is meaningless to a worker without a job if he happens to be living in an area where jobs no longer exist or where his skills are outmoded. President Johnson's "war on poverty" can be taken as an acknowledgment by the Administration that these areas of structural unemployment require an economic approach of an entirely different nature. Economic stimulation will not suffice here; what is needed is a program that will actually create a viable economy to replace the plants and industries whose demise it was which depressed the areas in the first place.

Surprisingly enough, the Internal Revenue Act of 1964 has come under strong attack because it will have no impact upon the problem of structural unemployment. The critics who take this line ignore the fact that tax reduction was never offered as a panacea for all the nation's economic ills. It was intended as the prime mover in increasing the rate of growth, reducing general unemployment and providing the stimulation needed to avert a recession. If the legislation manages to succeed in these objectives—and there is now every indication that it will do precisely that—then it will have to be regarded as a tax triumph.

Meanwhile, there is no reason to believe that Kennedy's proposed tax reforms have been discarded by his successor. They have become part of the New Frontier's unfinished business—along with Medicare, civil rights and urban affairs legislation among others—which will be pushed to a successful conclusion at the appropriate time.

GABRIEL GERSH

The Big Small Country

To be an Israeli is a point of no return

"WE ARE a small country," Israelis tell you. They do not believe this, nor do I. Geographically, yes; a half-hour jet flight from south to north and, from the Mediterranean inland, at places no wider than a taxi ride. Population minute as well: 2,250,000, one-quarter million being non-Jewish minorities.

Then why does one leave Israel knowing it is a big small country? The key question is its people. In 1948, during the War of Independence, there were only 600,000 Jews in Palestine. By the subsequent Law of Return, which gave any Jew anywhere an inalienable right to Israeli citizenship, a million and a half from more than seventy countries have arrived. This gives to Israel a fantastic variety of cultures and of talents, all Jewish, all desperately patriotic despite ferocious internal political dispute, and all knowing, to a man, to be an Israeli is a point of no return: we must make it here, or nowhere.

Binding this polyglot diversity are potent centripetal forces. The first is the Hebrew language. In 1900, outside the synagogues and literary circles, this ancient tongue was spoken by only a few thousands. The pioneers in Palestine of this century, seeing in a Hebrew revival a prime unifying force, taught themselves to speak, write and think it, so that there are already younger generations for whom Hebrew is a mother tongue. The later immigrant mass was subjected, as first priority, to "crash courses" in the language. Everyone went back to school; for the first time in history, a "dead" speech was colloquially reborn.

The next solvent is the Book: the Bible, and its later commentaries. I had known, before visiting Israel, that these sacred words were the subject of intense study by the orthodox; but had no idea that for unbelievers the Bible is just as much a daily inspiration. For the texts are not only holy: they are manuals of history, law, social morals, agriculture, even warfare, all with practical modern relevance.

The third cohesive factor is the army. For thirty months, the sons and daughters of immigrants of totally different backgrounds live in momentary unity. Additionally, the Israeli army, unlike that of any in Western Europe since the Spanish civil war, remains, despite increasing armament and hierarchy, basically ideological. In 1948, Haganah was a people in arms for an ideal and for survival: in essence, Israel has still a people's army.

GABRIEL GERSH, a frequent contributor of articles on social and cultural matters to this and other magazines, recently returned from a visit to Israel.

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The ultimate cement is the land itself. Its historic folk memories have, for Jews, a resonance exceeding even that for Christians of their Holy Land, since modern Christians are not descended from those who ever lived there. Then, indirectly, there are unifying pressures arising from a six-hundred-mile land frontier hermetically sealed by four implacably hostile neighbors, whose total populations exceed thirty millions.

Recalling these conditions—and the atrocious pasts, in the Middle East as well as Europe, of so many of the immigrant majority—one might expect a certain national hysteria. But one does not find this: Israelis, especially the sabras or native born, play it very cool indeed. To meet they are relaxed, helpful and always ready to put you in contact with almost anyone—for with its small population, everyone in Israel seems to know, or at any rate know about, everyone else.

At the same time, you cannot kid an Israeli, or easily impress him: they have seen so much, in the sixteen years of their existence, and expect to see so much more, that they have learned total self-reliance. To the stranger, the general attitude is, "You like us? Fine! What can we do for you?" But also: "You don't like us? O.K.—go jump in the Dead Sea, we've other things to do and think about."

WHILE there are already big differences in personal income and educational status, these have not yet hardened into class divisions: in a human sense, the spirit is still equalitarian. Though uncensorious, and far from puritanical, Israelis seem an exceptionally moral people: frank, life-loving, but serious by necessity as well as inclination. In appearance, the young especially are dazzlingly handsome, tough, sexy, extremely self-possessed. You may search in vain for a "characteristic Jewish type"—though not, perhaps, for a basic Jewish temperament: of which I believe the key factor is an absolute devotion to, and acceptance of, the laws of natural life, and its continuity despite everything.

Americans and Europeans knowing only occidental Jews must revise their ideas entirely. It is true the founding fathers of the Israeli state—the pioneer settlers from the 1880s, and of the first kibbutzim after 1909—came mostly from Europe, chiefly Russia, Poland, Germany. But since 1948, a majority of immigrants are "oriental" Jews from North Africa and the Middle East. So that while the present political elite are of European origin, the younger generations will increasingly be oriental—the more so as their birthrate is the higher.

One can see here a possibility—no more as yet—of a novel social friction: for though it is true that the Israeli-born children of, say, a German and a Yemenite immigrant are closer in spirit than either is to its own parents, the cultural standard of the occidental family is likely to be higher; so that until this can be corrected, the probability is of a continuing "occidental" educational, and hence political, superiority. What does not help here is that, largely because of a monstrous military budget, high school and university education are not yet—as elementary school is—free. (All Israeli problems, one grows to feel, are those of priorities—what limited resources to deploy first on which host of absolute essentials. For as well as its military imperative, the country has to face a problem no other nation had to—which is how to get its economy "off the ground" with, from the outset, a universally high living standard.)

Over all these perplexities hangs one enormous question mark. In every country of the world save one, Jewish communities have by now had time to opt for Israeli citizenship, or to prefer taking a different kind of chance with a continuing diaspora. The exception is Russia, whose three million Jews have not yet been given a free choice. If, in a shift in the political kaleidoscope, Russia should decide to let its Jewish community go—and another "if," should these three millions opt for emigration—then the balance of "occidental" and "oriental" Jews would be sensationally reversed. If this final mass immigration should ever occur, no one can doubt Israelis would face up to, at whatever cost, the enormous disruption of their social life it would engender.

To describe the country itself, one must first insist on its extreme physical and cultural diversity. You leave Tel Aviv, with a half million inhabitants, after sophisticated chats with Israeli intellectuals, you drive a few hours south to Beersheba and find yourself, so to speak, in America of the 1860s: guns, camels, Bedouin, new frontier towns, the enormous Negev desert. Or you set off from Jerusalem, with its concentration of brains at the Hebrew University, and a mere day's drive northwards takes you past bustling new factories and the raucous port of Haifa to the exquisite loneliness of Galilee, where isolated kibbutzim overlook the river Jordan and a ferociously hostile Syria.

Despairing of giving abstract coherence to the impressions of two weeks, I offer some indelible vignettes:

Amiram and Micha, with other young pioneers, discovered, in the marshes south of the Dead Sea, how to grow certain crops with water partly saline. Water is a prime obsession of Israelis: after a few days you find yourself, like them, scanning the sky for clouds of the right hue. (From the Sea of Galilee, in the far north, a huge conduit—a car can be driven through it—will soon carry water south, twisting along the eastern frontier, to drench the parched land around Beersheba.)

Amiram and Micha drove us, from our luxury hotel there, to the boom town of Arad—where one expected to meet Gary Cooper and did, in fact, see his Israeli counterparts. Here the broad metalled road stopped dead, and our jeep rocked and switchbacked through sensationally barren tors and gulches on its sickening drop to the Dead Sea, 1300 feet below sea level. On this hallucinating journey we encountered, as one does

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all over Israel, vestiges of those hosts of quarrelsome peoples who have fought for the Holy Lands: Egyptians, Jews, Philistines, Greeks, Romans, Byzantines, Arabs, Mamelukes, Crusaders, Ottomans, British—then Jews and Egyptians once again.

Near the revolting but chemically rich Dead Sea—we declined kind suggestions to bathe in its potassium, sodium and magnesium chlorides—we picnicked, beyond the vast new potash factory, in a dramatically eerie canyon which we reached up a track that had to be re-bulldozed open for us because of earthworks for new roads and villages. (Israelis are always building villages and roads: they simply never stop.) We reached the experimental farm at dusk, and Amiram showed us his cattle (from India and Kenya as well as Europe), and the rich acres he and his friends have wooed from the salt wastes. He stopped his jeep suddenly in a field and said, "Here's the frontier: if you've got your passport, you can walk into Jordan." I asked him why, when crossing the desert far from the border, he had carried guns, but as soon as he reached his farm had left them at the house. In the desert, he replied, you were not sure whom you might meet; but here, though the frontier ran through his garden, it was his home, so he had no need to carry guns.

We saw three kibbutzim in an afternoon, all on the Syrian frontier where the green Jordan serpentines through a fertile valley between fierce hills, bringing life into Israel's essential heart—or lung—Yam Kinneret, the Sea of Galilee.

The first was settled by former Englishmen who, with their various English accents and amiable cups of tea, seemed, in this setting, as exotic as I have ever seen Britons (or ex-Britons) to be before. The next was a *nahal*—not strictly a kibbutz, but a military settlement in which soldiers of both sexes, after basic training, work as farmers. The atmosphere was efficient and relaxed—and I was reminded of the earlier sight, when visiting the Roman remains at Ashqelon, of a party comprising a colonel, several officers (two female), a fearsome sergeant-major and a bunch of privates, who chattered easily together and hoisted a she-lieutenant up on an antique pillar to take photographs. The last kibbutz was a rich one with a sumptuous guest-house conducted by a veteran colonel of the war of 1948, who told me, in tones of affable menace, that Israel was not receiving enough support from the West.

Before 1948, the kibbutzim were at once pioneering settlements, military outposts, and strongholds of Zionist ideology. Conventional village co-operatives are now more important economically than the communal and dedicated kibbutzim, but these still remain, so to speak, the sacred places of the nation, and their members a kind of egalitarian aristocracy. While they are far more varied than is usually realized abroad—of the 225 settlements, some are orthodox, some atheist, some prosperous, some poor, and each has members of varied political creeds and national origins—their life still seems rigorous, and fails to attract sufficient volunteers among the Israeli youth (to the sorrow of David Ben-Gurion, who sometimes retires to meditate, as a shepherd, in his kibbutz at Sde Boker in the Negev). Yet kibbutzim are still of prime spiritual significance; and whereas the economy in the industrial and commercial sectors is now increasingly capitalist (the money often coming from abroad), the fructifying of the land must still be socialist and national.

IN NAZARETH, chief Arab city, the citizens watch TV programs showing Colonel Nasser threatening Israel with massive Soviet armaments, interspersed by enticing belly dancers; for there is not yet an Israeli television, though the Rothschild family have promised the nation one. The quarter-million Israeli Arabs cannot be happy, the half-million or more refugees in Arab countries even less. The Jewish majority, though they seem free, so far as I could judge, from racial antipathy toward the Arabs—the hostility is political—understandably cannot trust them. Equally understandably, if heartlessly, the surrounding Arab nations seek to use the Arab minority for their own ends.

That Israeli Arabs have been wronged cannot be questioned. To this wrong, the Jews have powerful replies. We are here, says their Declaration of Independence, by historic right; by the work of our pioneers who, in more than a half century, rebuilt the country; by international charter—Balfour declaration, League of Nations mandate, U.N. resolution of 1947; by the men we lost in two world wars, the War of Independence, and the Sinai campaign of 1956.

But the real justification of the Israeli presence—and the only true answer, it seems to me, a Jewish Israeli can give an Arab—is that Jews are in Israel by dire necessity. As a people they survived—as few other races have—for 3000 years, chiefly of oppression; and in our century, a last lethal attempt was made, by paganized Christians in Europe, to exterminate them utterly. Their choice was conquest in Israel, or destruction; and no people who has not faced that alternative can fully judge them.

The disaster here is that it seems obvious to anyone who, unlike a Jew or Arab, is not physically involved, that the whole Middle East would be enormously enriched by what seems impossible now—a Semitic union. Just as one instance, between Galilee and the Dead Sea the water falls sufficiently for a dam that would fertilize the whole Jordan valley; but since, to the Arabs, Israel does not exist, this dam remains unbuilt. Perhaps, with the generations, given peace (or semi-peace), the younger on each side of these fantastic frontiers will see a common interest; but there is no sign as yet.

At Mea Shearin in Jerusalem live the dogmatically

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orthodox sect of *Neturi Karta*. The men, looking like Rembrandt elders, wear circular fur caps, gowns from which prayer shawls dangle, white stockings with buckled shoes, and they shuffle like purposeful land-crabs, grasping pale children with faces framed by curls and surmounted by Quaker hats. On the Sabbath, I saw an angry group of them bawling out two teenagers on a Vespa for violating the holy day; and I was rebuked —by a wan, owlish youth carrying a baby—for smoking my pipe (fire must not be created on the Sabbath, though liquor, surprisingly, may be drunk).

These fervent gnostics were the only people I saw in Israel whom I found repellent. Israelis feel towards them, I believe, ambiguously. A majority of the nation, and most of its leading figures (even Ben-Gurion), are not orthodox; and in gay Tel Aviv, and left-of-left-wing Haifa, the Sabbath is not rigorously observed. And yet . . . all Jews must recollect that, for two thousand years of the diaspora, it was religion—together with Christian persecution—that held the race together. Can the lay Israeli state, as it becomes increasingly unorthodox, preserve the unity of its people as the ancestors of these fanatics did?

Though Israelis disagree about religion, they can never afford to let this question rend the nation: which accounts for the disproportionate influence of the devout, and for the fact that all marriages still must be made before a rabbi. Towards non-Jewish faiths, incidentally—Christian as well as Moslem—there is total toleration, with one exception: proselytizing is discouraged. The Jewish is not a missionary faith, and resents this activity in others.

Each country has its charmers, and in Israel these are the Yemenites who in 1950 (and in fulfilment of an ancient prophecy) were flown out of Aden to the Promised Land. They are small-boned, olive-skinned, with wise desert eyes, exquisite gestures and totally disarming smiles. By reputation they are brave, industrious and exceptionally musical (their Inbal troupe of singers and dancers is always touring the world).

I called on them at the villages of Eshtaol and Elyakim. At once you are surrounded, like Pied Piper, by confident, handsome kids who try out their English on you, invite you to play soccer, and make you promise to become a pen pal. I asked one of the older men about the flight to Israel from Yemen. The entire Jewish community walked two weeks to the coast where they saw their first modern city—and the Dakotas. Were they anxious at all, I asked? Not when the plane took off, he replied, but once up in the air they wondered whether they would ever come down.

At the Gaza strip I had the biggest surprise of all. I had expected prohibited zones, tanks, planes—the lot. In fact, there was a single Israeli sentry with some Danish U.N. troops further up the road. The Israeli posed amiably for photographs (abandoning his box and cigarette to strike a menacing pose), and we scanned the Scandinavians with binoculars. One knew the heavy stuff must be parked somewhere farther out of sight, but of it there was no sign whatever. Nor, one grows to realize, can there be "military zones" in Israel—the land is so little and precious that life must continue right up to the barbed wire.

Israel has planted eighty million trees, and visitors are invited to hearken the admonition of Leviticus 19:23, and add one of their own. There is a touching blend of the astute, practical and sentimental in this custom, and I now feel my own infant cypress in the Edwina Mountbatten plantation is a sort of pledge.

TOURISTICALLY, Israel is delightful. Hotels of every category abound, with swift, unfussy service. The food is varied—oriental dishes are driving out central European —and the wines, especially the white (Avdat, Ashqelon), delicious. Public transportation by plane, rail, bus or communal taxi is excellent. There are cities and villages of every size, vivid, placid or alarming scenery, cool hill resorts for summer, and bathing at sea level in the winter.

At the same time, I did sometimes feel—as I think Israelis also must—a certain claustrophobia, especially in Jerusalem, with its no man's land dividing the Israeli and Jordanian cities like a wired Berlin wall. Or emerging on the Gulf of Eilat, after driving between frontiers that narrow to a six-mile strip, one feels the liberation of the open sea. In Israel, only the Mediterranean is a border without menace.

My strongest impression, unexpectedly, was that Israelis live in a different century from ourselves. Their future may be perilous and indiscernible, but they live in it absolutely, always looking forward. For in contrast to many Western countries, Israel, despite the accumulations of its past, seems a *modern* country. One has the impression, existentially speaking, of a people who, by necessity, have probed and confronted the realities about their lives that really matter—political, social, moral.

I doubt whether there can be, on the globe, a country quite so peculiar: man-made, created in defiance of hostile odds and even probability. So small, yet looming vastly in the hatred, or solicitude, of every country in the Western world. Set in the Middle East, and yet not Levantine; precariously based, save in a confidence born of fierce experience and desperate will.

The habitual greeting in the country is Shalom, or Peace. One might suppose daily repetition would debase this word into a vacant platitude—or that the struggle which made Israel, and by which it must endure, would give it undertones of irony. Yet curiously, the word still seems right and meaningful; and I think this is because Jews, despite all proofs of their restoration to the ancient role of warriors, do long for peace, and wish it for mankind.

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THE SCREEN

Woe Is Me, Woe Is You

EVEN IF you don't leap with joy every time new foreign films turn up on our screens, you have to admit that they add a stimulating luster to American movie-going. The most controversial among the new arrivals is "The Given Word," one of the few Brazilian pictures to come our way, and one that won awards at six film festivals. It is not difficult to figure out why the play on which it is based ("O Pagador e Promessas" by Dias Gomes) is so popular in Brazil, where the Catholic Church has cause for concern over the increasing interest in voodoo rites. The movie is a curious mixture of naiveté and sophistication, and heavily laden with symbolism.

"The Given Word" starts with a long, long sequence showing the poor peasant Ze carrying a large wooden cross for some thirty miles from his farm to a church in a town. Since it is night when Ze and his wife arrive and the church is closed, Ze waits till next morning to explain to the parish priest that he promised St. Barbara that if she cured his sick donkey, he would present this cross at her altar. So far, so good. But then Ze goes on to say that he made this promise during a voodoo ceremony, and since his donkey has a soul just like a human's, Ze feels he must keep his word. The priest is adamant about refusing him admittance with his cross: "If I do, the church would become a house of pagan worship." Ze insists. The priest is equally stubborn. The argument goes on and on as the long flight of stairs to the church fills with people, and the whole square takes on the air of a carnival while the crowd takes sides and joins the hullabaloo. The merchants and bartenders encourage the party atmosphere. The leftist newspaper gets into the fray. The voodooists cheer Ze on. The church hierarchy holds an embarrassed meeting and then tries to persuade Ze to give up his voodoo promise. The people on the crowded steps burst out into pagan dance. The dance grows wild, riotous. The police come running. Ze is killed. (I'm not revealing too much: the whole picture is a build-up to the slaughter of this innocent, simple, superstitious man.) And the men carry Ze on his cross into the church.

Perhaps if "The Given Word" were done better, it would be more acceptable. Director Anselmo Duarte tries to get cinematic sweep and movement into his film; but the whole thing has a theatrical artificiality, and the acting varies from the extreme, almost mask-like simplicity portrayed by Ze, to the old-fashioned exaggerated ham displayed by the priest, who is a sort of villain, and the ridiculous sneering done by the pimp who seduces Ze's wife. The conflict, itself, is an interesting one worthy of better film-making. Just why this left-handed attempt won so many awards makes one more suspicious than ever of film festivals.

THE BEST among the new imports is "The Night Watch" ("Le Trou") an expertly-made French film about a group of prisoners who painstakingly dig a tunnel to make their escape. Director Jacques Becker, in his last film before his death, was eminently successful in establishing the characters on whom we concentrate. We get to know the men, their crimes, their attitudes toward life in prison and out. And we dig with them through the long suspenseful scenes. Although we have seen other movies about escaping prisoners, mostly war stuff, this one manages to hold our interest anew; and its climax and finale are as exciting as if we'd never seen a prison film before.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

OF NOTE

A Religious View of Poverty

IN THE LIGHT of the national drive on poverty, an official statement on the subject by the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Conference is of particular interest. Substantial excerpts follow:

There is a paradox in the Christian teaching on poverty. The Holy Gospels teach us to respect poverty, but they also oblige us to help the poor in their misery. Our Lord called the poor blessed. He asked His followers to sell what they had and follow Him, advice that was followed literally by the first Christians. Jesus Christ could say that He had not whereon to lay His head, and He was buried in another man's tomb. St. Paul described the followers of Christ as the poor and the powerless:

"Consider your own call, brethren; that there were not many wise according to the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble. But the foolish things of the world has God chosen to put to shame the wise, and the weak things of the world has God chosen to put to shame the strong, and the base things of the world and the despised has God chosen, and the things that are not, to bring to naught the things that are; lest any flesh should pride itself before him." (I. Cor. I, 26-29) St. James could say: "Has not God chosen the poor of this world to be rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom which God has promised to those who love him." The ministers of God were described as "poor, yet enriching many, as having nothing, yet possessing all things." . . .

The Church has been interested in the poor primarily because it sees every person as a child of God. While the world honors power, wealth, and achievement, the follower of Christ insists upon the moral worth of those who are neglected and even despised. He does not use worldly standards in judging personal excellence. A Saint Francis could cast aside his clothes as a symbol of complete freedom from worldly attachment. A Saint Vincent

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de Paul could devote his life to the destitute and the oppressed. A Saint Camillus could wash the sores of the abandoned sick. All these have been honored because their love of God led them to cast their lot with the least of Christ's brethren.

The Church has endorsed poverty by demanding it from those who have entered the solemn religious life. These give up the right to use and dispose of worldly goods. They do this, not because the world that God made is evil, but in order to cut their ties to all that might turn their gaze from God and lead them to concentrate on the passing and corruptible.

Yet, and herein lies the paradox of the Christian teaching on poverty, the Church also speaks of a form of poverty that hurts the soul, something totally different from religious detachment from worldly goods. There is a destitution that binds men to this earth, since it forces them to use every waking moment to keep body and soul together. There is want that breeds bitterness and resentment, even hatred.

Pope Pius XII, in his Christmas Message of 1952, talked "of the consequences of poverty, still more of the consequences of utter destitution. For some families there is a dying daily, a dying hourly; a dying multiplied, especially for parents, by the number of dear ones they behold suffering and wasting away . . . sickness becomes more serious, because it is not properly treated; it strikes little ones in particular, because preventive measures are lacking."

"Then there is the weakening and consequent physical deterioration of whole generations. Whole masses of the population are brought up as enemies of law and order, so many poor girls gone astray, pushed down into the bottom of the abyss, because they believed that that was the only way out of their shameful poverty. Moreover, not rare is the case where it is wretched misery that leads to crime. Those who in their works of charity visit our prisons affirm constantly that not a few men, fundamentally decent, have gone to prison because extreme poverty has led them to commit some unpremeditated act."

Pope Pius XII is but one of the great modern popes who, particularly in the last seventy years, have shown deep concern for poverty in our industrial society. There is an essential difference between the austerity of the Trappist monk who cultivates the fields and prays to God in his simple cell and the wretchedness of those who live in the slums of our large cities. The monk is poor, but he has sufficient to eat; he has adequate clothing and needed medical care. He is a respected member of society. But there are those who do not have enough to eat. Their clothing is worn and threadbare. They are overcrowded in wretched housing. They have no privacy, not even the mercy of silence. And, the greatest hurt of all, they feel rejected and unwanted. They could die, and no one would shed a tear.

This poverty, in the words of Pope Pius XII, often leads to "social conditions which, whether one wills it or not, make difficult or practically impossible a Christian life." (*Solennita*, June 1, 1941) Again this same pope states: "the Christian must be ever mindful that the establishment of God's kingdom in men's hearts and in social institutions often requires a minimum of human development. . . . For this reason, the Christian will always be ready to work for the relief of every material distress. . . . In a word, he will be diligent to achieve the betterment of the poor and the disinherited." (Address, April 25, 1957)

What precisely did the Pope have in mind when he spoke of degrading social conditions? Let us listen to his description of slum living: "Dilapidated, ramshackle houses without the most necessary hygienic installations sometimes yield a sizable income to their owners without costing them a penny. Inevitably, they neglect to make necessary repairs in them for years on end."

"Enough can never be said about the harm that these dwellings do to the families condemned to live in them. Deprived of air and light, living in filth and in unspeakable commingling, adults and, above all, children quickly become the prey of contagious diseases which find a favorable soil in their weakened bodies. But the moral injuries are still more serious: immorality, juvenile delinquency, the loss of taste for living and working, interior rebellion against a society that tolerates such abuses, ignores human beings, and allows them to stagnate in this way, transformed gradually into wrecks."

"Society itself must bear the consequences of this lack of foresight. Because it did not wish to prevent the evil and to provide a remedy in time, it will spend enormous sums to keep up an appearance of curbing delinquency and to pay expenses for prolonged confinement in sanatoriums and clinics. How many millions are authorized for the cure of evils that it would be easier and less expensive to prevent?" (Address, May 3, 1957)

These words of Pope Pius XII make abundantly clear the vital distinction between the poverty blessed by the Church and the wretched destitution that endangers soul and body alike. We must view abject poverty as we view physical sickness, as an evil that must be prevented when possible and certainly cured as soon as possible. Our Blessed Lord did not tell the sick that they were blind or deaf or crippled because of the unchanging laws of the universe. Rather He used His infinite power to heal, thus inspiring us to use both science and compassion in the service of the sick.

In the same way, His holy church views poverty as a challenge, not merely to our compassion and charity, but also to intelligent social action aimed at eradicating the many causes of human failure. It is a tragic commentary upon the world today that nations are forced to spend billions for ghastly weapons of war, and yet cannot find the funds to eliminate slums. Our ingenuity can cope with the almost unbelievable difficulties of sending a

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rocket to the moon. But we seem unable to come up with workable plans to aid human beings created in the image and likeness of Almighty God.

To face this challenge intelligently, we must make some important distinctions in regard to those who are poor. There are some persons whose poverty stems from personal conditions that cannot readily be changed. They are not able to earn a living today, nor is it likely that most of them can ever produce enough to secure a proper livelihood. In this class are many of our aged, some who are physically or mentally handicapped, or mothers who are the sole support of young children. Such persons need help given in a way that fully respects their human dignity.

On the other hand, there are those who are poor largely because of external conditions that have prevented their earning a decent living. They have both the native ability to work and the desire for a good job, but they lack either the training or the opportunity to earn a fitting salary. Such persons include the uneducated and the unskilled, victims of racial discrimination, farmers without adequate resources and training, many unemployed persons over forty, and those who live in areas of declining industry. In these cases, we seek methods and techniques that will enable them to become productive members of our economic society.

Another important distinction concerns the method of affording assistance for each of these groups. There is a form of aid that is intensely personal. Here the stress is upon contact between individuals. Such help does not preclude organization and planning, yet it is basically a person-to-person apostolate.

There are other problems that must be met primarily by social action, whether this be private or governmental. Here the basic concern is the removal of social conditions that breed poverty and destitution. It is obvious, for example, that economic policies that stimulate the demand for workers will make it much easier to retrain and relocate the unemployed.

Whatever distinctions might be made, however, in the Christian understanding of poverty, in practice any attack on poverty must be universal. The heart of the true Christian goes out to all in need. For charity knows no limits. Such has been the pattern, for example, of the Catholic Relief Services. Not only is the entire world its area of operations, but all men, of all races and of all religions, are the beneficiaries of its programs of aid. The only criterion is their need. So, too, as we face this problem of poverty in our country, there must be no restriction of race, religion or politics. Nor should there be any inhibiting of those who seek to help the poor, whether they be individuals, or private agencies or offices of government. In the spirit of the Good Samaritan, who taught us that every man is our neighbor, we must seek the opportunity to serve the stranger wounded in the struggle of life. . . .

CORRESPONDENCE

"The Deputy"

Newport, R.I.

TO THE EDITORS: The struggle of Catholics to attain a lively degree of engagement in civil liberties, in the arts as well as in political science, is presently receiving another road block in the befuddled attack on the "Deputy." The Commonweal's special edition [February 28] embodies its usual temperate good sense in evaluating the play's significance at this time, a welcome relief from the barrage of criticism, so very lacking in literary canons, to be found in the usual 'party line' of the Catholic wire services.

Admittedly the play is not great theater; rather it is a sharp exercise in characterization of well known personalities involved directly or indirectly in the terrible slaughter of six million Jews by the psychopath of the century—Hitler. The fact that Pius XII is the chief personality, and though expertly drawn as to will, charm, personal kindness, should not obscure the glaring and unsettling truth that he maintained silence in the face of genocide, but became visibly excited when ecclesiastical property was threatened with bombing by the Allies. He was a figure who can be only understood through the perspective of history—a view that Hochhuth badly needs.

Pius XII, no less than most of the world, was in the grip of the tail-end sputterings of a self-defeating nationalism. In Italy, Mazzini's dream encompassed Vatican personnel as well as others outside, ending in Fascism where the aristocracy retained its privileges; the Church her property (adding to it in the Lateran Treaty, a settlement of dubious value from a strictly historical Christian standpoint); the sovereign his crown. When Mussolini invaded Ethiopia Pius XI was silent; when Mussolini invaded Albania on Good Friday Pius XII was silent.

Germane to the whole sub-structure of the play is the endemic anti-Semitism within Christianity, a subtle force, corrosive and debilitating to formation of a large and generous Christian spirit. The ugly Catholic support of the anti-Dreyfus party; the seats in Polish universities reserved for Jews; the anti-Semitic skits in Christmas festivals, these and much more attest to the crying need for a re-examination of basic socio-political doctrines purportedly in support of Catholicism. These citations and much more are known to those outside the Christian ethos, and have been known for years. Why should we object now? Who, anymore, denies our complicity in the St. Bartholomew Massacre? Or that there was once a statue to "Pope Joan" in an Italian cathedral, a fact that gave John Huss much fuel with which to stoke his fires? (The devotees of Mary who are emotionally proclaiming her co-Redemptrix should,

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for sobering effect, read historical development to realize what practical, shattering conclusions flow from this adherence to spiritual Momism.)

It will be helpful to remember that for an idea of great historical richness, starting from an indefinite aspiration and leading to the keystone of a political system, cannot be outlawed by any one man, regardless of his exalted position. Nationalism as a viable democratic force is dead; this and concomitant evidence should lead to the recognition of the pressing need for World Law, through World Government, emanating from the U.N.

Hochhuth the dramatist indulges in a compulsive reexamination of the past, but given the Concordat, the open support by the German hierarchy of Hitler's military depredations, can we accuse, justly, Hochhuth of calumny? So long as we maintain a Vatican State, there will always be charges of this nature.

In planning the play he sets out to "reduce happenings to the scale of the capacity of the human mind"; personal and corporate acts of charity toward refugee Jews cannot hide the miserable truth that such acts were rivulets in the flood of anti-Semitism that led to the gas ovens. This play is more than a mere tour de force of realist denigration; it is a writer's protest against moral indecision from leaders who failed to lead; a playwright's anguish with the leveling of heroism into diplomacy. For all his skepticism and fondness for disputation Hochhuth does ask for a higher sense of morality, one developed through political science, recognizing the ethical element in all human actions.

And this overriding truth remains: German Catholics who went to concentration camps or refused on principle to serve in Hitler's armies receive no awards, or acclaim or public support from either Church or State today.

ALBERT J. MCALOON

Lans, Tirol

TO THE EDITORS: I have never written about Hochhuth's Play *Der Stellvertreter* (which under the circumstances remains untranslatable) in a European paper, because I think that people living on this continent should be intelligent enough to make their own judgment, realizing what this play means in historical and moral terms; if they are not, then even more precise and detailed information will not do much good.

In America, however, you are so far away from Europe, its horrors, tragedies, predicaments and limitless intricacies, that a few words of enlightenment are quite in order. I only wonder whether your readers, after perusing the large special number of The Commonweal [February 28], will not be more bewildered than set on the right path to a sane appraisal of the play. They are presented with almost too many conflicting views. Therefore, let us boil down the problem:

1) I have read the play with pencil in the hand and must admit that often, shaken by laughter, I almost fell from the chair or out of bed. It would take *many, many years of painstaking research* for an outsider to have even a vague idea what the Church as a working organization is like or how the Vatican functions (or does *not* function.) The nonsense, the anachronisms, the mere factual misconceptions and errors should make this play a comedy—if it had not also such nefarious effects. Personally I knew not only Pius XII, but also the nuncio in Berlin. Herr Hochhuth, naturally, knew neither. *Pimpfe* of the Hitler Youth, obviously, did not move in diplomatic circles.

2) There is no proof whatsoever that Pius XII knew sufficient details about the extermination of the Jews, to be able to protest against them. Neither, as I assure you, did the German Cardinals. One truly wonders whether the Allies knew them until it was too late (Summer, 1944). If the American (and British) Intelligence Services are not better than the Vatican's Information Agencies, then Americans should start a protest march on Washington. If, however, Washington and London knew *in concreto* about the horrors, then *they* (and they alone!) could have done something decisive; with threats based on their tremendous air superiority (*vide* the Dresden massacre) they could have really saved many Jewish lives.

Yet the Vatican is blissfully ignorant of what goes on in this world and it is unbelievably inefficient. Boccaccio knew this in the fourteenth century and the notion of Vatican "might" is indeed a delightful bogey. In *The Beautiful and the Damned* by F. Scott Fitzgerald, Paramore says with "a tremendous burst of tolerance" to Muriel, who had just confessed to being a Catholic: "The Catholic religion is a very—a very powerful religion." *Risum teneatis amici!* It is only due to God's Grace and the Promises of Christ that we still exist. St. Augustine's words of the *inops ecclesia* are as true today as they were 1500 years ago.

3) Pius XII ran *personally* no risk whatsoever if he had denounced the vile exterminations. Not he! But the exterminations in case of a protest would not have ended and additional Catholics (no bishops, but simple priests, lay leaders) would have to pay for it. *Vide* the Dutch case of the bishops protesting the arrests of Jews whereupon Catholics of Jewish origin were deported and murdered, among them *Edith Stein.* Without the bishops' protest she would, in all likelihood, be alive today.

The question of the Pope's personal *courage* does not arise once—only of his wisdom. And Hochhuth has missed a great dramatic chance: i.e., to portray a Pope in a terrible struggle of conscience. Instead he made Pius XII (whom I never "worshipped," but who was an honest man) a money-hungry scoundrel.

4) The only truly negative contribution in your issue is that of my Professor Heer. I cannot understand how a historian can quote (p. 659) the text of a paper called

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Neue Jiddische Zeitung whose title is certainly reproduced unorthographically. The citation is obviously *nonsense* and contains an anachronism no less than an inner logical contradiction. Nor can I, for a moment, understand how any sane person could condemn (today more than ever!) opposition to the unconditional-surrender formula of Casablanca. I find it, moreover, highly interesting that Professor Heer does not mention the name of the "elderly and experienced German-speaking bishop" who "advised" Herr Hochhuth. He has also gone to his reward but here is possibly one of the keys to the wicked representation of the late Pius XII. Will we ever know?

All in all it seems that "The Deputy," worthless from a literary point of view, has merely led to mutual recriminations and an increase of animosities. Other plays, better books, finer films will be necessary to achieve a genuine catharsis. And not this piece of slander directed against a dead person who cannot defend himself.

ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

New York, N.Y.

TO THE EDITORS: Congratulations on your excellent editorial on "The Deputy" [February 28]. Indeed, "the moral problem which Hochhuth saw and tried in his defective way to make us face" does not stop at Pope Pius XII's conduct. The main pro and con arguments, usually marshaled, are beyond the point. Would the Pope's intervention have been for the better or the worse? Did not the Pope do his utmost personally to save the Jews? Did not Pius XII consider Hitler the bulwark against Communism, and if so how could he risk creating a difficult situation for Germany?

You disposed ably of the two first questions. The third argument, at first glance, seems more relevant. One cannot help recall that, before the War, Pius XII was known as *le Pape allemand* by the French and *tedesco Papa* by the Italians. However from there to becoming a silent accomplice to Nazi crimes, the distance is so great that we are bound to look for another explanation.

It seems to me that Poliakov had the answer when he wrote in *Le Bréviaire de la haine* (1951), "The Vatican's silence only reflected the deep feeling of the Catholic masses of Europe." Here we can expect angry protests from Dutch, Belgian and French Catholics, hierarchy and lay people, who endangered, and sometimes lost their lives in order to save the Jews. It looks as if Poliakov's statement would have to read 'the Catholic masses of Germany.' True enough, as Guenter Lewy points out in *Commentary*, Pius XII did not dare raise his voice because the Catholic masses in Germany would not have followed. Before we throw stones at the latter we should remember that the collusion of the Church with political powers is no German monopoly. However, shall we say then that, in this particular instance, it was essentially a failure of the German Church since elsewhere, in Holland, Belgium and France, Catholics rose by the hundreds to save the Jews?

It is evident that we cannot get away with this neat, complacent explanation. We have but to ask a simple question, "Did those Catholics in the occupied countries act as they did because they were Catholics?" At least, as far as France is concerned, the answer is no. The French Catholics did not save the Jews because of the Church's teaching. To them, as to the French atheists and Communists, the rescue work was an imperative, inescapable, plain human duty.

This, I believe, is the crux of the problem which Hochhuth flings awkwardly in our face. Pope Pius XII's silence had roots much deeper than politics, diplomacy or even the fear of causing more damage. His mouth remained closed because the mind and heart of millions of Catholics the world over, including Germany and the United States, were incapable of reacting catholically to the Jewish tragedy. Why? Because the kind of religious teaching they had received, they and their forebears, for generations and generations, had conditioned them subsconsciously, if not always to persecute the Jew outright, at least to despise him. It is this brainwashing process, masterfully analyzed by Jules Isaac in *The Teaching of Contempt,* which is responsible basically for the absence of Catholic reactions to the Jewish genocide. The Catholics in the occupied countries who did react, did so as men first, not as Catholics. We can but be thankful that their behavior was not inferior to that of the atheists and Communists.

Let us face it—Hochhuth's play is to all of us a purification challenge. To the hierarchy first—it would be fitting indeed if, following Paul VI's plea for forgiveness from the Protestants, the Church would also issue a plea of forgiveness from the Jews for nearly two thousand years of slander and persecution. To us, lay people—we can do better than discuss idly Pius' innocence, which can never be fully proved, or his guilt which is but a convenient way, for the Germans and for us, of finding a scapegoat. What we can do is to ask ourselves, "What are we doing now to redress, in ourselves first, then around us, the distorted image of the Jew which, heir to a vile 'Christian' tradition, centuries old, rendered Catholics insensitive to the Jewish martyrdom, closed Pope Pius' mouth and helped to make possible the nearly successful attempt at a 'final solution'?"

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

"Canada's Crisis"

Princeton, N.J.

TO THE EDITORS: Dr. MacGuigan's article on "Canada's Crisis" [March 20, 1964] needs some comment and clarification. Lest it be seriously misunderstood, his statement that "it is rather the burgeoning nationalism

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of French-speaking Canada that has given rise to the present crisis of Canadian Confederation" should, in order to place the blame where it really lies, be reworded to read: "the crisis lies in the *reaction of English-speaking Canada* to a French-Canadian nationalism *for which it has been the chief stimulus.*" The meaning here points up one of the real drawbacks to our form of parliamentary democracy: the only method by which a permanent minority (here, the one-third of the population that is French-Canadian) can achieve the rights which they desire is through a veritable gift by a far-sighted and to some extent self-sacrificial majority.

The problem is that the English have never been this kind of majority. When it was realized in the years immediately after the consummation of the British conquest in 1763 that the French-Canadian minority could never be assimilated, the Federal Government, primarily representative of English-Canadian interests, attempted to achieve their goals through such methods as immigration and civil service policies. The provincial governments have been harsher. In the first decades of this century anti-Catholic and anti-French legislatures severely penalized the French-Canadian minorities, particularly in the realm of education.

What, then, is the answer? Obviously it is the duty of English-Canadians to take the initiative and find a solution. The special status of the French facts has to be recognized *throughout* Canada, not just on the "reservation." The right of each Canadian to be educated in the language of his choice, *with no future penalties,* will have to be established. Much work will have to be done in extending bilingualism among the English-Canadians. Five years of Ontario high school French with nothing to show as regards to oral ability is a frustrating experience.

The solution will be costly, but as Dr. MacGuigan points out, it is not economics that has triumphed in Canada. We English-Canadians will have to wake up and either do our share to master the question of national unity or accept the fact that our nation will cease to exist.

RICHARD A. JONES

"The Mummers in Philadelphia"

Peoria, Ill.

TO THE EDITORS: May we add our thoughts to James O'Gara's, "The Mummers in Philadelphia"? . . .

That it brought threats of real violence from organizations which up until now were pledged to non-violence should be a grim warning, on the first day of the New Year, of how short a time white America has left in which to "catch on." That blackface was eliminated only after threats from the NAACP and CORE, and court action, is a disheartening foreboding of the lack of comprehension and willingness to take the initiative that can be expected of us white citizens in the coming critical year. How frantically the Mummers groups clung to their "custom"! How much like the Southern segregationists they sounded! The South clings to its "tradition and heritage," which involves so much horror, in the face of all appeals to human reason and empathy.

If we are to ward off violence in the coming year, isn't it urgently prudent that we abandon the role of spectators, advising the Negro demonstrators, "Blessed are the Meek"? It seems as though we will continue to beat our breasts with *mea culpas,* agreeing that the Negro American has a legitimate case, and *then* advise him how he may "do thus, and thus" to sufficiently impress us, but "not this, or this" if he doesn't want to hurt his cause! Isn't a "tease" as infuriating as a bully?

If we can't see the real offensiveness in blackface, then there's little hope that white America will understand soon enough how very much must be done by us in the way of real aggressive effort, to bring about racial justice. Consider that mummery is "solemn mockery." Consider also that the Mummers' Parade grew out of a custom in colonial days, when older boys dressed up as "bellsnickle," *the devil,* to scare younger children. And the encyclopedia describes minstrel shows as portrayals of "comic Negro types."

When the racist isn't looking at the Negro as a subhuman to be handled with intimidation and violence, he sees him as a caricature—lazy, immoral, superstitious, comical. Neither image is that of a normal, ordinary human being. The unconscious acceptance of this comic caricature is still preventing sincere white people, at every level of American life, from giving active support to Civil Rights demands, but *worse*—leads to good Christians' being indifferent to the injustice all around them. So while the Negro sitting in at a lunch counter seems to be saying, "Look at me and see how it is with me!," he first must point to the blackface comic and insist, *"But, that isn't me!!"*

Must we go on being persuaded, prodded and threatened into each step towards justice? Will we cross over the bridge this year, hammering on Society's door with our own hands? Can't we root all the offenses against our Negro brothers, relieving him of the ignominious task of wheedling and bargaining? The incident in Philadelphia should serve as warning that his patience is wearing thin with this role. We can't forgive ourselves so easily, or we become like the South which condemns the demonstrators for being right. And Imitations have to share the fate of the Originals.

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The Seeds of a New Era of Moral Creativity?

Morality and Beyond. By Paul Tillich. Harper and Row. $2.75.

by Bernard Murchland

A LARGE element of irresolution permeates the moral stature of modern man. Like a reed in the wind, he sways now this way, now that; like a flickering flame his moral energy is threatened with extinction. Those who read history with a cynical eye may say it has always been so. Yet I believe the special nature of the present moral quandary is real enough. For one thing, the degree to which the moral wisdom of the past is compromised distinguishes it. It is also made somewhat unique by the widespread and earnest search for new moral perspectives, by modern man's hope that his moral being can be more firmly rooted and more happily directed. It is highly likely that the present confusion conceals the seeds of a new era of moral creativity.

Paul Tillich's new book is good evidence of such a hope. It is also evidence that a despairing situation can be transformed and intelligently articulated in a new moral vision for our time. Tillich's book is by no means an easy one. His fondness for hyphenations and the deceptive simplicity of his style make special demands upon the reader. But in the main the structure of his thought is clear enough. "Morality," he states forthrightly, "is religious in its very essence." The moral imperative is the demand "to become actually what one is essentially," that is to say, a centered self. The moral act establishes man as a person. Consequently, morality is not obedience to an external law whether human or divine. Rather "it is the inner law of our true being, of our essential or created nature, which demands that we actualize what follows from it." Effective morality thus depends upon an accurate assessment of man's nature. Until we are clear about what man is we shall not be able to say what man ought to do. Values are ontologically rooted. In Tillich's formula: Being precedes value; value fulfills Being.

The specifically religious dimension of the moral imperative is its unconditional character. The notion of the unconditional is one of the most difficult in Tillich's theology. It is reminiscent of Kant's categorical imperative, has affinities with the mystical traditions (which assert that the first principle of anything cannot properly be characterized at all), German romanticism (one thinks of Fichte's absolute ego), and the various leaps of the existentialists. In the final analysis the unconditional can only be understood in terms of Tillich's conception of religion. Religion is, in his own words, "the state of being grasped by an ultimate concern, by an infinite interest, by something one takes unconditionally seriously." Given this understanding of religion, it is clear that the ultimate concern must determine the entire range of man's activities. The problem of ethics thus becomes the problem of directing our activity towards the unconditional. In more concrete language, the ethical enterprise becomes a quest to transform guilt into love, estrangement into participation, meaninglessness into a pattern of order. It is, in a word, an effort to dissolve moral alienation.

The Christian orientation of Tillich's ethics is much clearer when he speaks of the religious source of moral demands. The unconditional character of the moral imperative is a purely formal consideration. A further principle, which combines both absolute and relative characteristics, is needed to give concrete application to the unconditional. This Tillich finds to be the principle of love in the sense of *agape*. "*Agape*," he says, "acts in relation to the concrete demands of the situation—its conditions, its possible consequences, the inner status of the people involved, their hidden motives, their limiting complexes, and their unconscious desires and anxieties." Love "listens" to the particular situation. This no table of laws can do. The Christian tradition has always maintained that "the letter kills." The effective realization of the Christian message is carried on under the guidance of the Spirit who opens the mind to the "creative potentialities of the moment" and determines "the decisions of love in a particular situation."

Tillich, of course, does not advocate any kind of spiritual anarchy. Formulated laws have their proper place in any moral system. They represent the wisdom of the past and provide an index to man's temporal predicament. One risks imprudence by abandoning such wisdom; but there is equal risk in accepting a tradition uncritically. Tension, usually represented by an uneasy conscience, inhabits the boundary area between the security of established principles and the call to break new moral ground. But this tension can result in moral vitality if the proper balance is struck between the directive power of "law" and the progressive infiltration of the "now" by *agape*. The concept of law is an aggravating one in Christian ethics and Tillich goes to some length to clarify it. In the first place, he notes, we would have no need of law were we not estranged from the law of our essential being, if we did not stand in contradiction to our ideal selves. This is illustrated by the various temptation stories in Scripture. The paradox of moral law comes to this question: has the commanding law as such a motivating power for the fulfillment of the moral imperative and its concrete demands? Can it motivate us to transform our actual being into essential being?

At bottom it cannot. Despite whatever legitimate value we place upon law, it stands in the final analysis as the prime symbol of man's existential predicament. All systems determined by law are systems of compromise, incapable of embodying the true nature of morality. This is true because of the ambiguous character of everything human. Humility demands that we acknowledge this; such an evaluation will generate the conditions under which forgiveness can become authentic. But where the law fails, grace succeeds. Tillich defines grace as "that which is given without prior

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merit." What it accomplishes is to create a state of reunion in which the distance between our true and our actual being is to some degree overcome and the reign of commanding law is broken. The traditional Christian idea of grace (not very comprehensible for many today) bears analogies to various conceptions of wisdom in the ancient world as well as with some therapeutic procedures of modern psychology. Plato's conception of *eros,* for example, is of a divine-human power that elevates the mind to the divine. In Aristotle, it is the power of the divine that attracts all finite things.

The center of Tillich's ethics is the supremacy of love over law. Love creates its own forms of behavior or it gives divine content to forms borrowed from human culture. Such love embraces and transforms the whole scope of human activity. It is, thinks Tillich, a solution to the ethical problem of our times beyond the alternatives of an absolutism that breaks down before the radical changes of history and a relativism that makes change itself an ultimate principle. In a word, love can adapt to any changing situation without itself changing.

At this point Tillich's ethics appears as something of a balance act. There is perhaps an implicit dualism in his distinction of actual and essential being, of the unchanging that meets all change, of the unconditional that conditions all morality. This brings him under critical fire from some naturalists who endeavor to simplify matters, including ethical ones, by getting rid of dualisms and unwieldy supra-empirical principles. Nor do they care for the way in which he stacks the cards in favor of religious morality. But Tillich stands firm against his naturalistic critics. He abides by his view of the ethical enterprise because he finds no other that is equally adequate to the moral facts of human nature.

I am frequently perplexed by his linguistic innovations; nor would I stress the principle of ambiguity as the dominant feature of reality. There are other problems too. One would like to see the nature of the unconditional more precisely delineated. More importantly, one would like additional detail on the manner in which *agape* is to be effectively incarnated without courting the risk of the kind of relativism that Tillich would avoid. Finally, what distinction is left remaining between morality and religion?

However, I think it important to call more constructive attention to Tillich's ethical perspective. He is an important and, in several respects, unique figure among today's thinkers. In the first place, it seems to me that he sees very clearly what the ethical problem is. It is not primarily a problem of adjustment to environment; nor more precise ethical language; nor an overhauling of society. It is the problem of the meaning of man's life and the quality of human experience in our time. Much of what is deplorable in modern society may be construed as a soul-emptying, mindless flight from this problem. Tillich would have us confront it.

A Grand Fugue of Interwoven Themes

A God and His Gifts. By I. Compton-Burnett. Simon and Schuster. $4.50.

by Brian Wilkie

MISS Compton-Burnett's new novel centers on the Byronic and Goethean figure of Hereward Egerton, the "god" of the title. Hereward is an Olympian personage: heir and mainstay of his family and its ancestral estate, lover whose quasi-incestuous energies are expended with consciously solemn but godlike abandon, enormously successful novelist who while making a great deal of money is venerated by the masses and the discriminating alike.

The plot is concerned with what one assumes is a mere selection from among his many love affairs, seductions, flirtations, and impassioned friendships, but enlisted in these relationships are (apart from his wife and a mistress) his sister, his sister-in-law, his daughter, and the wives or fiancees of all three of his legitimate sons. He is, in effect, Jove—founder and fertilizer of a dynasty, shaper of lives and circumstances. But he is also an artist and a man of carefully nutured sensibilities, and, as a creator and a great man, he is invariably forgiven by those whose lives he has complicated, disturbed, or ruined. The author does not let this subservience to Hereward's *droit de seigneur* go unsatirized, but neither does she really undermine it.

The book is a grand fugue of interwoven themes, but they can be summed up as the relation between fiction and truth, the explicit and the tacit, art and life, revelation and concealment. The characters, few of whom could be called minor, number about two dozen, and they are spread over four generations. The book draws on a whole battery of literary modes and conventions, especially those of the theater: farce, melodrama (both high and domestic), late Shakespearean romance, the commenting chorus (in the form of a delightfully class-conscious butler), choric dialogue, opera buffa, classical Greek tragedy complete with recognition and reversal scenes.

The moods of the novel are many; near the beginning it has a farcical gaiety which seems to cross Mozart's *Figaro* with the fluffier moments of W. S. Gilbert; by the final chapter the book has moved to a lofty and strangely moving level on which lamentation over death and an almost religious spirit of forgiveness and reconciliation do not seem inappropriate, even though the author maintains her mask of ironic reserve throughout. So with the characters; like many of Dickens' people, they begin as caricatures and gradually grow into serious moral agents and even spokesmen of wisdom.

It is Miss Compton-Burnett's epigrammatic wit, of course, that more than anything else explains her ability to do so much in so little room and with so little fuss. Her economy and apparent ease of meticulous craftsmanship are what make her so highly admired an artist among her fellow writers.

Yet one sometimes feels that there is something a little specious about her accomplishment, in this book at least. As with Shaw and Chesterton one begins to weary of and therefore distrust her witty wisdom, to wonder

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where it ends and preciosity begins, where the line lies between deep insight and cleverness that may gloss over banality.

Pithy wit is not really the shortest route to clarity; an epigram at a climactic moment is one thing, but for a whole book to be a tissue of epigrams can produce obscurity by keeping the readers' mind too busy for clear understanding. To do her justice, Miss Compton-Burnett seems to know this; what she often does is to cap a climax by having a character suddenly speak words of obvious, unsophisticated common sense. This reversal of the more usual technique may be perverse, but if so the perverseness seems to be deliberate.

I cannot help adding another, rather minor criticism. I wish Miss Compton-Burnett would abandon the mannerism of using auxiliary verbs without their complements. "I think it is," a character will say; or "I wish I could not." "Is *what*?" I kept having to ask myself; "Could not *what*?" The answer can usually be found by glancing back two or three sentences, but not always.

Miss Compton-Burnett is not a writer for everyone. She is too mannered; the reader always senses that life is being presented in a special and arbitrary way, that he must utterly sacrifice his own sensibilities and insights to the author's. Nevertheless, her novels bear the stamp of a distinctly individual mind of high intelligence and enormous virtuosity, and when one is attuned to her mood and voice she is both hilarious and moving.

Sidestepping

The Three Christs of Ypsilanti. By Milton Rokeach. Knopf. $5.95.

by Jean Holzhauer

"PRESENT-DAY psychiatry seems to be coming more and more to regard the many forms of mental illness as different manifestations of the same disturbance: disturbance of the sense of identity." So observes social psychologist Milton Rokeach in the final chapter of *The Three Christs of Ypsilanti;* and he remarks that delusions such as those reported in the book "can and must be linked with more normal strivings to maintain a secure set of beliefs about one's own identity and one's group identifications."

Quoting Edith Weigert and others, he wonders why the strife is so difficult and so widespread in our times.

Accelerated literary attention to the problem of identity by authors from Luigi Pirandello to Edward Albee, Claude Mauriac to Robertson Davies, seems to reflect and corroborate its growth. Far from indicating a deliberately selfish, secularistic preoccupation, as less imaginative churchmen often imply, the trend appears to many as, in part, the natural result of combined circumstances. Among them: drastic geographical and "class" mobility, shifting community structure, and omnipresent communications media offering a variety of possible type and group identifications unimaginable to men of preceding generations.

Considerable psychic agility—apparently achieved by early practice on secure emotional swings—is required to keep and to transmit balance among the bewildering opportunities for self-establishment today. The least agile are likely to sidestep the contest, often destroying others in the process.

Dr. Rokeach's book is an account of pathological sidestepping: three Ypsilanti (Mich.) State Hospital patients, each believing himself to be Christ. In an ingenious, two-year experiment, a team of researchers headed by the author brought the three together for daily meetings and had them assigned to a common dormitory, day room and work project.

Conflict over their delusional identity broke out at once, but the three "Christs," all paranoid schizophrenics, responded differently to the conflict. The difference, Dr. Rokeach observes, was caused partly by their varying degrees of regression (the oldest, over 60, had been hospitalized for 20 years; the youngest was under 40), partly by individual variations of delusional pattern, resulting from previous experience.

A major variant occurred in the patients' reasons for their central delusion: Leon, the youngest man, suffered intense sexual guilt and wished to be a *good* Christ; Joseph suffered the shame of inadequacy and wished to be a *great,* or powerful Christ.

Striking similarities other than the choice of delusional identity also were found. Each of the "Christs" exhibited confusion of sexual identification. Each was characteristically schizoid in being unable to work cooperatively on projects requiring individual initiative. What most pleased Dr. Rokeach: contrary to previous psychiatric assumption, each had "positive referents"—figures regarded as benevolent and trustworthy—among his delusional associates.

The two younger men, less inclined than the oldest to the simple mechanisms of denial and withdrawal, changed these referent figures when necessary. Thus Joseph, disturbed when confronted by his own inadequacy as a writer, stopped "corresponding" with Dr. O. R. Yoder, hospital director (whom he had been addressing as "Dear Dad:") and wrote a letter to President Kennedy, whom he addressed in the same way. He was in correspondence with his real father at the time. As Dr. Rokeach remarks, Yoder and Kennedy represented more powerful and satisfactory "fathers."

Such distinctions, illustrated with many taped and written statements by the men and by descriptions of their behavior, may provide the lay reader with a less stereotyped idea of delusional psychosis, as well as aspects of the "normal" contemporary problems of ego and group identity to consider.

Podhoretz's Craft

Doings and Undoings. By Norman Podhoretz. Farrar, Straus. $4.95.

by David I. Segal

IT IS HARD to believe that Norman Podhoretz is only thirty-four years old, and that *Doings and Undoings* is his first book. Those of us who belong to his generation have a feeling that he has always been around, writing in magazines we care about, discussing books and ideas we care about. The publication of this collection of

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his reviews and articles does more than put into deservedly permanent form the ephemera of his journalistic writing. It also gives us a chance to discover what Podhoretz has been up to all these years.

The first thing to say is that the book is a considerable achievement. It provides the always stimulating sight of a man working out his thoughts in public; mulling things over, taking stands on matters of taste and values, true, at all times, to what he takes his job to be.

Being a true critic, Podhoretz begins with an introduction in which he analyzes and defends the job he has set out to do. The appearance of a book worth talking about always raises, for him, issues exterior to the work, and it is, "The issues, rather than the book itself that I really care about." He goes on to say that, "For better or worse, I do not regard literature as an end in itself."

For better or for worse Podhoretz approaches the novel (the form he is most often talking about) as though it were an artifact and he an archeologist. He turns it this way and that, to admire or disparage its shape, but mostly interested in what it tells him about the culture. This preoccupation is both a habit of mind and a position (I thought we had all learned about the reductive effects of positions from the thirties) and it frequently results in a distortion of his genuine critical abilities.

As R. P. Blackmur (a critic at the other end of the continuum) put it, "Poetry names and arranges, and thus arrests and transfixes its subjects in a form which has a life of its own forever separate but springing from the life which confronts it. Poetry is life at the remove of form and meaning; not life lived but life framed and identified."

The better the book Podhoretz is talking about, the more irrelevant is his modus operandi: Faulkner, the best writer Podhoretz discusses, makes him most uneasy—it is, of course, impossible to use Faulkner as a lens with which to examine the South—Podhoretz complains, "The notion that nothing can be explained is a half-truth which, in my opinion, has limited Faulkner's creative range. For let us be bold and admit it: a lack of ideas is no virtue in a novelist." To accuse Faulkner of not having ideas is like blaming El Greco because the *View of Toledo* can not be used as a guide to the city.

When Podhoretz objects that in Faulkner "nothing can be explained," what he is saying is that he can't use Faulkner for his own purposes. Podhoretz is that very American thing, a skeptical ideologue, and in Faulkner he finds no ideology translatable into journalistic terms. Podhoretz enjoys being the detached observer of changes in belief, as seen in current letters. He appears to give each change equal weight, as if he were shopping in some great supermarket of Ideas, now pulling down a can of optimism, now some frozen piety. This attitude has a vulgarizing effect on his language; he sometimes writes as though he were covering the philosophy beat for the New York *Times*. Thus, after a fine discussion of George P. Elliott's *Parktilden Village*, he writes, " . . . assuming further that Elliott can be taken as a representative spokesman, *Parktilden Village* becomes an extremely revealing document of the current feeling in the 'Church party' about the loss of values." Representative spokesman? Document? No no, novelist; novel. Again, "It was, of course, Camus who first *spotted* the significance of this *new style* of nihilism" (italics mine).

The presupposition behind this non-literary approach to literature is old-fashioned pragmatic optimism. Podhoretz believes that the human condition is improvable, and that the ideas in a book can be extracted, and made useful. Discussing Paul Goodman's *The Community of Scholars* he writes, "This splendid book is itself an act, an act that is bound to affect consciousness, and through consciousness, conditions." This is why Faulkner, marvelous writer though he is, really won't do. It is why the more recent work of Edmund Wilson, which "retreats into special pockets of the past" won't do as well as his early work. And it is why Podhoretz is so surprised that nobody likes James Baldwin's *Another Country* as much as he does. In a very revealing essay he analyzes Baldwin's novel in order to find out why everyone else went wrong.

He discovers two kinds of reasons, ideological and artistic—both very well seen indeed—and proceeds to make his case on the former, almost disregarding the latter. He concludes that "Baldwin's intention is to deny any moral significance whatever to the categories white and Negro, heterosexual and homosexual," and asserts that this blurring of emotionally held distinctions is frightening, and causes people to dislike the book.

Then, almost as an aside, he writes, "He inclines toward sentimentality in most of the erotic passages involving either a white and a Negro, or two men, or a homosexual and a woman, whereas he is visibly skeptical of the validity of the more standard varieties of sex . . . in general he judges white characters by more vigorous criteria than he is willing to apply to the Negros. . . . " This is an absolutely damning analysis of the novel, but for Podhoretz it is not an interesting reason for disliking it.

He is at his best when he can bring contemporary ideas and fiction together, so that each comments on the other. He is remarkably good on novelists who are really reporters, like Mary McCarthy. I don't know any other review of *The Group* that so pointedly showed the difference between the thirties as they were and the thirties she described. He has a few brilliant pages on the nature of McCarthy's heroines. Taught by both the Catholic Church and Freud, they embody an analysis of the futility of reason—"The failure of Reason as a substitute for Grace," and, "the disjunction—or rather the hostility—between Reason and Impulse."

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"IT OCCURS *to us that Chief Justice Warren's remark that the people will not know in their lifetime the meaning of Kennedy's assassination, is consistent with Mr. Warren's position about the meaning of the United States Constitution. Certainly we shall not know during* **his** *lifetime what it means.*"

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...ionalized journalism, ...z has done his best work ...mmenting on non-fiction. If it is true that he writes about art as if he were a sociologist, it is also true that he examines articles and books of social comment with the perception of a first-class literary critic. There is a discussion of television drama of the early fifties, taking it seriously as a way of discussing the social values of the times, that is better than any other essay about television I know.

The most passionate work in this book occurs in his two famous recent essays, the one on James Baldwin's *The Fire Next Time*, and the one on Hannah Arendt's study of Eichmann. In the Baldwin essay he dissects his own ambivalence in order to describe the difference between the ideal and the possible. This honesty of a higher order at a time when we are all discovering that we favor the idea of integration, and more than a little embarrassed by our attitude toward its implementation (God bless the neighborhood school!).

The essay on Arendt is, I think, a piece of special pleading, marred by the scoring of rhetorical points at the expense of reason. For example, he writes, "For uninteresting though it may be to say so, no person could have joined the Nazi party who was not at the least a vicious anti-Semite; to believe otherwise is to learn nothing about the nature of anti-Semitism." Is this necessarily true? Perhaps Germans joined the Nazi party to get ahead, or out of boredom or frustration, or for many other possible reasons—it is easy, and usually wrong, to look back on an act and define it by its consequences.

Clearly, Podhoretz attempts to be the critic *engagé* of his generation, but through the years his range of critical interest has narrowed. He defined one limitation in the introduction to this book, saying that he "chooses to be a critic of the contemporary, rather than a browser among masterpieces, or a reverent interpreter of the classics" (isn't it possible, by the way, to be a critic of the classics and a browser among the contemporary?) But even among the contemporary, as I have shown, he has serious deficiencies.

I'm certain that he could write a brilliant exegesis of the first stanza of Yeats' *The Second Coming:* he knows very well that "things fall apart," and his work is a strong single example against the idea that "The best lack all conviction." But I don't think he would be interested in handling "the rough beasts." If he could bring his special intelligence to poetic metaphysics of the second stanza, as well as the social insights of the first, he might well be the preeminent critic of his time. At the moment, he is merely one of the most interesting, and, to the extent that he is interesting, most infuriating.

REVIEWERS

Father Bernard G. Murchland, C.S.C., a regular contributor, is now doing research at the State University of Buffalo.

Brian Wilkie teaches in the English Department at the University of Illinois.

Jean Holzhauer, a member of the English faculty at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, has written for *The Critic* and other magazines.

David I. Segal, a previous contributor, is an editor in a large New York publishing house.

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